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# CANDID,

OR,

# THE OPTIMIST.

*TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH*

OF

## M. De Voltaire.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. GRIFFIN, 10, MIDDLE ROW, HOLBORN.

*By W. Mason, 21, Clerkenwell Green.*

1823.

# PREFACE.

THE original work written by M. DeVoltaire, was intended to ridicule the notion propagated by Rousseau in one of his Works, I believe his Confessions, that All's for the Best. Rousseau conceives that every event, however disastrous to individuals, or, apparently disadvantageous to society at large, is either a benefit to the individual, which his limited faculties do not suffer him to see at the time when the supposed misfortune happens, or that the calamity of one is really the advantage of thousands, who are frequently benefited by events which they primarily fancy injurious: in a few words, that an All-merciful and Omnipotent Being never acts but for the good of the creatures whom he has formed. This idea is not peculiar to Rousseau; indeed all the professors of Christianity derive consolation in their miseries from a conviction that all's for the best; and Mahomet thought fit to inculcate to his disciples the doctrine of resignation. We are informed by various writers, that when a Mussulman experiences a reverse of fortune, he disdains to whine, even though immerged to the very lips in wretchedness, and that his only expression is, Allah, thy will be done! It is not the translator's design to enter upon a review of M. De Voltaire's religious principles, or of his life, or of his style of writing at large; yet he cannot refrain from saying, that the great advantage which Voltaire has over his antagonist is a

sprightly wit, which does not refute any solid argument, but converts into ridicule his opponent's mode of reasoning, and caricatures his most finished landscape. Voltaire's imaginary personages, and their occasional wretchedness, which does not seem to benefit the condition of others, are pourtrayed by such a masterly hand, that the reader is frequently convulsed with laughter, and cannot help exclaiming, Is this for the best? The translator begs leave to assure the public, that if they encourage the translation of this laughable work, he will soon produce several others which he hopes they will find equally entertaining.

The page of history demands a master's hand:
The noble Byron's feeling strong, and magic fire,
Unwilling, envious commendation must command
E'en from the snarling critics: who would strike the lyre
While Moore exists, possessed of every art
To melt a maiden's, rouse a matron's heart?
Whose poison glides so sweet through every vein,
Its victims scarcely of their death complain.
Let Byron picture horror and remorse,
As if his anguished breast still felt the force;
Let Campbell sing of hope, and Moore of love,
While to their notes our breasts responsive move.
Voltaire's pervading genius attic wit to show
In English prose be mine, the modest, humble task.
No merit in translation? critic, say not so;
My honest countrymen to please, is all I ask.

# CANDID:*

OR THE

# OPTIMIST.

## PART I.

### CHAPTER I.

*How Candid was brought up in a magnificent Castle, and how he was driven from thence.*

IN the country of Westphalia, in the castle of the most noble baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, lived a youth, whom nature had endowed with a most sweet disposition. His face was the true index of his mind. He had a solid judgment joined to the most unaffected simplicity; and hence, I presume, he had his name of Candid. The old servants of the house suspected him to have been the son of the baron's sister, by a mighty good sort of a gentleman of the neighbourhood, whom that young lady refused to marry, because he could produce no more than threescore and eleven quarterings in his arms; the rest of the genealogical tree belonging to the family having been lost through the injuries of time.

* The principal design of this performance, (if the author had any other design but that of amusing his readers) is to ridicule that maxim in Ethics, "that every thing which happens, is the best calculated to answer the wise ends of Providence; but it likewise contains a very severe satire on the morals, manners, and customs of mankind.

The baron was one of the most powerful lords in Westphalia; for his castle had not only a gate, but even windows; and his great hall was hung with tapestry. He used to hunt with his mastiffs and spaniels instead of greyhounds; his groom served him for huntsman; and the parson of the parish officiated as grand almoner. He was called my Lord by all his people, and he never told a story but every one laughed at it.

My lady baroness weighed three hundred and fifty pounds, consequently was a person of no small consideration; and then she did the honours of the house with a dignity that commanded universal respect. Her daughter was about seventeen years of age, fresh coloured, comely, plump, and desirable. The baron's son seemed to be a youth in every respect worthy of the father he sprung from. Pangloss the preceptor was the oracle of the family, and little Candid listened to his instructions with all the simplicity natural to his age and disposition.

Master Pangloss taught the metaphysico-theologo-cosmolo-nigology. He could prove to admiration, that there is no effect without a cause; and that in this best of all possible worlds, the baron's castle was the most magnificent of all castles, and my lady the best of all possible baronesses.

It is demonstrable, said he, that things cannot be otherwise than they are; for as all things have been created for some end, they must necessarily be created for the best end. Observe, for instance, the nose is formed for spectacles, therefore we wear spectacles. The legs are visibly designed for stockings, accordingly we wear stockings. Stones were made to be hewn, and to construct castles, therefore my Lord has a magnificent castle; for the greatest baron in the province ought to be the best lodged. Swine were intended to be eaten, therefore we eat pork all the year round: and they who assert that every thing is right, do not express themselves correctly; they should say, that every thing is best.*

Candid listened attentively, and believed implicitly; for

* Thus the tutor makes his doctrine of optimism subservient to his interest in flattering the pride of the petty German princes, which is indeed ridiculous enough.

he thought Miss Cunegund excessively handsome, though he never had the courage to tell her so. He concluded, that next to the happiness of being baron of Thunder-ten Tronckh, the next was that of being Miss Cunegund, the next that of seeing her every day, and the last that of hearing the doctrine of Master Pangloss, the greatest philosopher of the whole province, and consequently of the whole world.

One day, when Miss Cunegund went to take a walk in a neighbouring wood, which was called a park, she saw through the bushes the sage Doctor Pangloss giving a lecture in experimental philosophy to her mother's chamber-maid, a little brown whench, very pretty, and very tractable. As Miss Cunegund had a great disposition for the sciences, she observed with the utmost attention the experiments, which were repeated before her eyes; she perfectly well understood the force of the doctor's reasoning upon causes and effects. She retired greatly flurried, quite pensive, and filled with the desire of knowledge, imagining that she might be a sufficing reason for young Candid, and he for her.

In her way back she happened to meet the young man; she blushed, he blushed also: she wished him a good morning in a faultering tone; he returned the salute, without knowing what he said. The next day, as they were rising from dinner, Cunegund and Candid slipped behind the screen; Miss dropped her handkerchief, the young man picked it up. She innocently took hold of his hand, and he as innocently kissed hers with a warmth, a sensibility, a grace—all very particular; their lips met; their eyes sparkled; their knees trembled; their hands strayed.—The baron chanced to come by; he beholds the cause and effect, and, without hesitation, salutes Candid with some notable kicks on the breech, and drove him out of doors. Miss Cunegund; the tender, the lovely Miss Cunegund, fainted away, and as soon as she came to herself, the baroness boxed her ears. Thus a general consternation was spread over this most magnificent and most agreeable of all possible castles.

## CHAPTER II.

### *What befel Candid among the Bulgarians.*

Candid, thus driven out of his terrestrial paradise, rambled a long time, without knowing where he went; sometimes he raised his eyes, all bedewed with tears, towards heaven, and sometimes he cast a melancholy look towards the magnificent castle, where dwelt the fairest of young baronesses. He laid himself down to sleep in a furrow, heart broken and supperless. The snow fell in great flakes, and in the morning when he awoke, he was almost frozen to death; however, he made shift to crawl to the next town, which was called Wald-berghoff-trarbk-dikdorff, without a penny in his pocket, and half dead with hunger and fatigue. He took up his stand at the door of an inn. He had not been long there, before two men drest in blue fixed their eyes stedfastly upon him. Faith, comrade, said one of them to the other, yonder is a well-made young fellow, and of the right size: upon which they made up to Candid, and, with the greatest civility and politeness, invited him to dine with them. Gentlemen, replied Candid, with a most engaging modesty, you do me much honour, but, upon my word, I have no money. Money, Sir! said one of the blues to him, young persons of your appearance and merit never pay any thing: why, are not you five feet five inches high? Yes, gentlemen, that is really my size, replied he, with a low bow. Come then, Sir, sit down along with us; we will not only pay your reckoning, but will never suffer such a clever young fellow as you to want money. Mankind were born to assist one another. You are perfectly right, gentlemen, said Candid, this is precisely the doctrine of master Pangloss; and I am convinced, that every thing is for the best. His generous companions next entreated him to accept of a few crowns, which he readily complied with, at the same time offering them his note for the payment, which they refuse, and sit down to table. Have you not a great affection for ——— O yes! I have a great affec-

tion for the lovely Miss Cunegund. May be so, replied one of the blues, but that is not the question! We ask you, whether you have not a great affection for the King of the Bulgarians? For the King of the Bulgarians? said Candid, oh Lord! not at all, why, I never saw him in my life. Is it possible! Oh, he is a most charming king! Come, we must drink his health. With all my heart, gentlemen, says Candid, and off he tosses his glass. Bravo! cry the blues; you are now the support, the defender, the hero of the Bulgarians; your fortune is made; you are in the high road to glory. So saying, they handcuff him, and carry him away to the regiment. There he is made to wheel about to the right, to the left, to draw his rammer, to return his rammer, to present, to fire, to march, and give him thirty blows with a cane; the next day he performs his exercise a little better, and they give him but twenty; the day following he comes off with ten, and is looked upon as a young fellow of surprising genius by all his comrades.

Candid was struck with amazement, and could not for the soul of him conceive how he came to be a hero. One fine spring morning, he took it into his head to take a walk, and he marched straight forward, conceiving it to be a privilege of the human species, as well as of the brute creation, to make use of their legs how and when they pleased. He had not gone above two leagues, when he was overtaken by four other heroes, six feet high, who bound him neck and heels, and carried him to a dungeon. A court-martial sat upon him, and he was asked which he liked best, either to run the gauntlet six-and-thirty times through the whole regiment, or to have his brains blown out with a dozen of musket-balls. In vain did he remonstrate to them, that the human will is free, and that he chose neither; they obliged him to make a choice and he determined, in virtue of that divine gift, called *free will*, to run the gauntlet six-and-thirty times. He had gone through his discipline twice, and the regiment being composed of 2000 men, they composed for him exactly 4000 strokes, which laid bare all his muscles and nerves, from

the nape of his neck to his rump. As they were preparing to make him set out the third time, our young hero, unable to support it any longer, begged as a favour they would be so obliging as to shoot him through the head. The favour being granted, a bandage was tied over his eyes, and he was made to kneel down. At that very instant, his Bulgarian Majesty happening to pass by, made a stop, and enquired into the delinquent's crime, and being a prince of great penetration, he found, from what he heard of Candid, that he was a young metaphysician, entirely ignorant of the world; and therefore, out of his great clemency, he condescended to pardon him, for which his name will be celebrated in every journal, and in every age. A skilful surgeon made a cure of the flagellated Candid in three weeks, by means of emollient ungents prescribed by Dioscorides. His sores were now skinned over, and he was able to march, when the King of the Bulgarians gave battle to the King of the Abares.*

## CHAPTER III.

### *How Candid escaped from the Bulgarians, and what befel him afterwards.*

Never was any thing so gallant, so well accoutred, so brilliant, and so finely disposed, as the two armies. The trumpets, fifes, hautboys, drums, and cannon, made such harmony, as never was heard in hell itself. The entertainment began by a discharge of cannon, which, in the twinkling of an eye, laid flat about 6,000 men on each side. The musket bullets swept away, out of the best of all possible worlds, nine or ten thousand scoundrels that infested its surface. The bayonet was next the sufficient reason of the deaths of several thousands. The whole might amount to 30,000 souls. Candid trembled like a philosopher, and concealed himself as well as he could during this heroic butchery.

* This chapter, we suppose, is in allusion to the severe military discipline of Frederick *the Great*, late king of Prussia.

At length, while the two kings were causing *Te Deum* to be sung in each of their camps, Candid took a resolution to go and reason somewhere else upon causes and effects. After passing over heaps of dead or dying men, the first place he came to was a neighbouring village, in the Abarian territories, which had been burnt to the ground by the Bulgarians, agreeable to the laws of war. Here lay a number of old men covered with wounds, who beheld their wives dying with their throats cut, and hugging their children to their breasts all stained with blood. There several young virgins, whose bellies had been ripped open, after they had satisfied the natural necessities of the Bulgarian *heroes*, breathed their last; while others, half burnt in the flames, begged to be dispatched out of the world. The ground about them was covered with the brains, arms, and legs of dead men.

Candid made all the haste he could to another village, which belonged to the Bulgarians, and there he found that the heroic Abares had acted the same tragedy.* From thence continuing to walk over palpitating limbs, or through ruined buildings, at length he arrived beyond the theatre of war, with a little provision in his budget, and Miss Cunegund's image in his heart. When he arrived in Holland his provision failed him; but having heard that the inhabitants of that country were all rich, and *Christians*, he made himself sure of being treated by them in the same manner as at the baron's castle, before he had been driven from thence through the power of Miss Cunegund's bright eyes. He asked charity of several grave-looking people, who one and all answered him, that if he continued to follow this trade, they would have him sent to the house of correction, where he should be taught to get his bread.

He next addressed himself to a person, who was just come from haranguing a numerous assembly for a whole hour on the subject of charity. The orator, squinting at him under his broad-brimmed hat, asked him sternly, what brought him thither? and whether he was for the good old

* A picture which we would recommend to the perusal and consideration of those who are such sanguine advocates for the continuation of war.

cause? Sir, said Candid, in a submissive manner, I conceive there can be no effect without a cause; every thing is necessarily concatenated and arranged for the best. It was necessary that I should be banished the presence of Miss Cunegund; that I should afterwards run the gauntlet; and it is necessary I should beg my bread, till I am able to get it: all this could not have been otherwise. Hark ye, friend, said the orator, do you hold the pope to be antichrist? Truly, I never heard any thing about it, said Candid; but whether he is or not, I am in want of something to eat. Thou deservest not to eat or to drink, replied the orator, wretch, monster, that thou art! hence! avoid my sight, nor ever come near me again while thou livest. The orator's wife happened to put her head out of the window at that instant, when seeing a man, who doubted whether the pope was antichrist, she discharged upon his head a chamber-pot full of——*. Good heavens, to what excess does religious zeal transport the female kind!

A man who had never been christened, an honest anabaptist, named James, was witness to the cruel and ignominious treatment shown to one of his brethren, to a rational, two-footed, unfledged being.‖ Moved with pity, he carried him to his own house, caused him to be cleaned, gave him meat and drink, and made him a present of two florins, at the same time proposing to instruct him in his own trade of weaving Persian silks, which are fabricated in Holland. Candid, penetrated with so much goodness, threw himself at his feet, crying, Now I am convinced that my master Pangloss told me truth, when he said that every thing was for the best in this world; for I am infinitely more affected with your extraordinary generosity, than with the inhumanity of that gentleman in the *black* cloak and his wife. The next day, as Candid was walking out,

* A keen sarcasm on want of charity in speculative points of religion, even among the most phlegmatic protestants.

‖ Aristotle's definition of a man; to show the absurdity of which, another philosopher caused a cock to be stripped of its feathers, and placing it before him, asked if that was a man also?

he met a beggar all covered with scabs, his eyes were sunk in his head, the end of his nose eaten off, his mouth drawn on one side, his teeth as black as a coal, snuffling and coughing most violently, and every time he attempted to spit, out dropt a tooth.

## CHAPTER IV.

*How Candid found his old master Pangloss again, and what happened to them.*

Candid, divided between compassion and horror, but giving way to the former, bestowed on this shocking figure the two florins which the honest anabaptist James had just before given to him. The spectre looked at him very earnestly, shed tears, and threw his arms about his neck. Candid started back aghast; Alas! said the one wretch to the other, dont you know your dear Pangloss?——What do I hear? Is it you, my dear master! you, I behold in this piteous plight? What dreadful misfortune has befallen you? What has made you leave the most magnificent and delightful of all castles? What is become of Miss Cunegund, the mirror of young ladies, and nature's masterpiece? Oh Lord! cried Pangloss, I am so weak I cannot stand; upon which Candid instantly led him to the anabaptist's stable, and procured him something to eat. As soon as Pangloss had a little refreshed himself, Candid began to repeat his enquiries concerning Miss Cunegund. She is dead, replied the other. Dead! cried Candid, and immediately fainted away: his friend recovered him by the help of a little bad vinegar, which he found by chance in the stable. Candid opened his eyes, and again repeated, dead! is Miss Cunegund dead? Ah, where is the best of worlds now? But of what illness did she die? Was it for grief upon seeing her father kick me out of his magnificent castle? No, replied Pangloss; her belly was ripped open by the Bulgarian soldiers, after they had ravished her as much as it was possible for a damsel to be ravished: they

knocked the baron her father on the head for attempting to defend her; my lady her mother was cut in pieces; my poor pupil was served just in the same manner as his sister; and as for the castle, they have not left one stone upon another; they have destroyed all the ducks, and the sheep, the barns, and the trees: but we have had our revenge, for the Abares have done the very same thing in a neighbouring barony, which belonged to a Bulgarian lord.

At hearing this, Candid fainted away a second time; but, having come to himself again, he said all that it became him to say; he inquired into the cause and effect, as well as into the sufficing reason, that had reduced Pangloss to so miserable a condition. Alas! replied the preceptor, it was love; love, the comfort of the human species; love, the preserver of the universe, the soul of all sensible beings; love! tender love! Alas, replied Candid, I have had some knowledge of love myself, this sovereign of hearts, this soul of souls; yet it never cost me more than a kiss, and twenty kicks on the backside. But how could this beautiful cause produce in you so hideous an effect?

Pangloss made answer in these terms: O my dear Candid, you must remember Pacquette, that pretty wench, who waited on our noble baroness; in her arms I tasted the pleasures of paradise, which produced these hell-torments with which you see me devoured. She was infected with the disease, and perhaps is since dead of it; she received this present of a learned cordelier, who derived it from the fountain head; he was indebted for it to an old countess, who had it of a captain of horse, who had it of a marchioness, who had it of a page; the page had it of a jesuit, who, during his noviciate, had it in a direct line from one of the fellow-adventurers of Christopher Columbus; for my part I shall give it to no one, I am a dying man.

O sage Pangloss, cried Candid, what a strange genealogy is this! Is not the devil the root of it? Not at all, replied the great man, it was a thing unavoidable, a necessary ingredient in the best of worlds; for if Columbus had not caught in an island in America this disease, which contaminates the source of generation, and often impedes

propagation itself, and is evidently opposite to the great end of nature, we should have had neither chocolate nor cochineal. It is also to be observed, that, even to the present time, in this continent of ours, this malady, like our religious controversies, is peculiar to ourselves. The Turks, the Indians, the Persians, the Chinese, the Siamese, and the Japonese, are entirely unacquainted with it; but there is a sufficing reason for them to know it in a few centuries. In the mean time, it is making prodigious havock among us, especially in those armies composed of well disciplined hirelings, who determine the fate of nations; for we may safely affirm, that, when an army of 30,000 men fights another equal in number, there are about 20,000 of them poxed on each side.

Very surprising, indeed, said Candid, but you must get cured. Lord help me, how can I? said Pangloss: my dear friend, I have not a penny in the world; and you know one cannot be bled, or have a glister, without a fee.

This last speech had its effect on Candid; he flew to the charitable anabaptist James, he flung himself at his feet, and gave him so striking a picture of the miserable situation of his friend, that the good man, without any further hesitation, agreed to take Dr. Pangloss into his house, and to pay for his cure. The cure was effected with only the loss of one eye and an ear.* As he wrote a good hand, and understood accounts tolerably well, the anabaptist made him his book-keeper. At the expiration of two months, being obliged to go to Lisbon, about some mercantile affairs, he took the two philosophers with him in the same ship; Pangloss, during the course of the voyage, explained to him how every thing was so constituted, that it could not be better. James did not quite agree with him in this point: Mankind, said he, must, in some things, have deviated from their original innocence; for they were not

* The author seems to be but indifferently acquainted with the effects of this distemper, otherwise he would have mentioned his nose and his palate, among the particulars of his loss, rather than the ear, which is seldom, if ever, affected in this disorder. Pangloss was in much greater danger of losing his ear in the pillory, as an impostor and corrupter of youth.

born wolves, and yet they worry one another like those beasts of prey. God never gave them twenty-four pounders nor bayonets, and yet they have made cannon and bayonets to destroy one another. To this account I might add, not only bankruptcies, but the law, which seizes on the effects of bankrupts, only to cheat the creditors. All this was indispensably necessary, replied the one-eyed doctor; for private misfortunes are public benefits; so that the more private misfortunes there are, the greater is the general good. While he was arguing in this manner, the sky was overcast, the winds blew from the four quarters of the compass, and the ship was assailed by a most terrible tempest, within sight of the port of Lisbon.

## CHAPTER V.

*A Tempest, a Shipwreck, an Earthquake; and what else befel Dr. Pangloss, Candid, and James the Anabaptist.*

One half of the passengers, weakened, and half dead with the inconceivable anxiety and sickness which the rolling of a vessel at sea occasions through the whole human frame, were lost to all sense of the danger that surrounded them. The other made loud outcries, or betook themselves to their prayers; the sails were blown into shivers, and the masts were brought by the board. The vessel was a perfect wreck. Every one was busily employed, but no body could be either heard or obeyed. The anabaptist, being upon deck, lent a helping hand as well as the rest, when a brutish sailor gave him a blow, and laid him speechless; but, with the violence of the blow, the tar himself tumbled head foremost overboard, and fell upon a piece of the broken mast, which he immediately grasped. Honest James, forgetting the injury he had so lately received from him, flew to his assistance, and, with great difficulty, hauled him in again, but, in the attempt, was, by a sudden jerk of the ship, thrown overboard himself, in sight of the very fellow whom he had risked his life to save, and who

took not the least notice of him in this distress. Candid, who beheld all that passed, and saw his benefactor one moment rising above the water, and the next swallowed up by the merciless waves, was preparing to jump after him, but was prevented by the philosopher Pangloss, who demonstrated to him, that the coast of Lisbon had been made on purpose for the anabaptist to be drowned there. While he was proving his argument *a priori*, the ship foundered, and the whole crew perished, except Pangloss, Candid, and the sailor who had been the means of drowning the good anabaptist. The villain swam ashore; but Pangloss and Candid got to land upon a plank.

As soon as they had recovered themselves from their surprize and fatigue, they walked towards Lisbon; with what little money they had left, they thought to save themselves from starving, after having escaped drowning. Scarce had they done lamenting the loss of their benefactor, and set foot in the city, when they perceived the earth to tremble under their feet, and the sea, swelling and foaming in the harbour, dash in pieces the vessels that were riding at an anchor. Large sheets of flames and cinders covered the streets and public places; the houses tottered, and were tumbled topsy-turvy, even to their foundations, which were themselves destroyed, and thirty thousand inhabitants of both sexes, young and old, were buried beneath the ruins. The sailor, whistling and swearing, cried, Damn it, there's something to be got here. What can be the sufficing reason of this phenomenon? said Pangloss. It is certainly the day of judgment, said Candid. The sailor, defying death in the pursuit of plunder, rushed into the midst of the ruin, where he found some money, with which he got drunk, and, after he had slept himself sober, he purchased the favors of the first good-natured wench that came in his way, amidst the ruins of demolished houses, and the groans of half-buried and expiring persons. Pangloss pulled him by the sleeve: Friend, said he, this is not right, you trespass against the universal reason, and have mistaken your time. Death and ounds! answered the other, I am a sailor, and born at Batavia, and have

trampled* four times upon the crucifix in as many voyages to Japan: you are come to a good hand with your universal reason.

In the mean time Candid, who had been wounded by some pieces of stone that fell from the houses, lay stretched in the street, almost covered with rubbish: For God's sake, said he to Pangloss, get me a little wine and oil, I am dying. This concussion of the earth is no new thing, replied Pangloss, the city of Lima, in America, experienced the same last year; the same cause, the same effects: there is certainly a train of sulphur all the way under ground from Lima to Lisbon. Nothing more probable, said Candid; but, for the love of God, a little oil and wine. Probable! replied the philosopher, I maintain that the thing is demonstrable: Candid fainted away, and Pangloss fetched him some water from a neighbouring spring.

The next day, in searching among the ruins, they found some eatables, with which they repaired their exhausted strength. After this, they assisted the inhabitants in relieving the distressed and wounded. Some, whom they had humanely assisted, gave them as good a dinner as could be expected under such terrible circumstances. The repast, indeed, was mournful, and the company moistened their bread with their tears; but Pangloss endeavoured to comfort them under this affliction, by affirming, that things could not be otherwise than they were: for, said he, all this is for the very best end; for if there is a volcano at Lisbon, it could be on no other spot; for it is impossible but things should be as they are, for every thing is for the best.

By the side of the preceptor sat a little man dressed in black, who was one of the familiars of the inquisition. This person, taking him up with great complaisance, said, Possibly, my good Sir, you do not believe in original sin; for if every thing is best, there could have been no such thing as the fall or punishment of men.

* The Dutch traders to Japan are actually obliged to trample upon a crucifix, in token of their aversion to the Christian religion, which the Japanese abhor.

I humbly ask your excellency's pardon, answered Pangloss, still more politely; for the fall of man, and the curse consequent thereupon, necessarily entered into the system of the best worlds. That is as much as to say, Sir, rejoined the familiar, you do not believe in free-will. Your excellency will be so good as to excuse me, said Pangloss, free-will is consistent with absolute necessity; for it was necessary we should be free, for in that the will——

Pangloss was in the midst of his proposition, when the inquisitor made a sign to the attendant, who was helping him to a glass of port wine.

## CHAPTER VI.

*How the Portuguese made a superb Auto-da-fe to prevent any future earthquakes, and how Candid underwent public flagellation.*

After the earthquake, which had destroyed three-fourths of the city of Lisbon, the sages of that country could think of no means more effectual to preserve the kingdom from utter ruin, than to entertain the people with an auto-da-fe,* it having been decided by the university of Coimbra, that the burning a few people alive by a slow fire, and with great ceremony, is an infallible receipe to prevent earthquakes.

In consequence thereof, they had seized on a Biscayner for marrying his godmother, and on two Portuguese for taking out the bacon of a larded pullet they were eating; after dinner, they came and secured Dr. Pangloss, and his pupil Candid; the one for speaking his mind, and the other for seeming to approve what he had said. They were conducted to separate apartments, extremely cool, where they were never incommoded with the sun. Eight days after-

* An auto-da-fe was actually to have been celebrated the very day on which the earthquake destroyed Lisbon. Every body knows that an auto-da-fe is a general goal delivery from the prisons of the inquisition, when the wretches condemned by that tribunal are brought to the stake, to be burnt alive, or otherwise punished.

wards they were each dressed in a *san benito*,* and their heads were adorned with paper mitres. The mitre and san benito worn by Candid, were painted with flames reversed, and with devils that had neither tails nor claws; but Dr. Pangloss's devils had both tails and claws, and his flames were upright. In these habits they marched in procession, and heard a very pathetic sermon, which was followed by an anthem, accompanied by bagpipes. Candid was flogged in regular cadence, while the anthem was singing; the Biscayner, and the two men who would not eat bacon, were burnt, and Pangloss was hanged, which is not a common custom at these solemnities. The same day there was another earthquake, which made most dreadful havock.

Candid, amazed, terrified, confounded, astonished, all bloody, and trembling from head to foot, said to himself, If this is the best of all possible worlds, what are the others? If I had only been whipped, I could have put up with it, as I did among the Bulgarians; but, oh my dear Pangloss! my beloved master! thou greatest of philosophers! that ever I should live to see thee hanged, without knowing for what! O my dear anabaptist, thou best of men, that it should be thy fate to be drowned in the very harbour! O Miss Cunegund, you mirror of young ladies! that it should be your fate to have your belly ript open.

He was making the best of his way from the place where he had been preached to, whipt, absolved, and received benediction, when he was accosted by an old woman, who said to him, take courage, child, and follow me.

## CHAPTER VII.

*How the old woman took care of Candid, and how he found the object of his love.*

Candid followed the old woman, though without taking courage, to a decayed house, where she gave him a pot of

* A kind of garment worn by the victims of the inquisition.

T.E. Read. Del.

T. Goodall. Sculp.

Chap. the 7th Part the 2nd

pomatum to anoint his sores, showed him a very neat bed, with a suit of clothes hanging up by it; and set victuals and drink before him. There, said she, eat, drink, and sleep, and may our blessed lady of Atocha, and the great St. Anthony of Padua, and the illustrious St. James of Compostella, take you under their protection. I shall be back tomorrow. Candid, struck with amazement at what he had seen, at what he had suffered, and still more with the charity of the old woman, would have shown his acknowledgement by kissing her hand. It is not my hand you ought to kiss, said the old woman, I shall be back tomorrow. Anoint your back, eat, and take your rest.

Candid, notwithstanding so many disasters, ate and slept. The next morning, the old woman brought him his breakfast; examined his back, and rubbed it herself with another ointment. She returned at the proper time, and brought him his dinner; and at night, she visited him with his supper. The next day she observed the same ceremonies. Who are you? said Candid to her, what god has inspired you with so much goodness? What return can I make you for this charitable assistance? The good old beldame kept a profound silence. In the evening she returned, but without his supper; Come along with me, said she, but do not speak a word. She took him under her arm, and walked with him about a quarter of a mile into the country, till they came to a lonely house surrounded with moats and gardens. The old conductress knocked at a little door, which was immediately opened, and she showed him up a pair of back stairs, into a small, but richly furnished apartment. There she made him sit down on a brocaded sofa, shut the door upon him, and left him. Candid thought himself in a trance; he looked upon his whole life hitherto as a frightful dream, and the present moment as a very agreeable one.

The old woman soon returned, supporting with great difficulty a young lady who appeared scarce able to stand. She was of a majestic mien and stature; her dress was rich, and glittering with diamonds, and her face was covered with a veil. Take off that veil, said the old woman to

Candid. The young man approaches, and, with a trembling hand, takes off her veil. What a happy moment! What surprise! he thought he beheld Miss Cunegund; he did behold her, it was she herself. His strength fails him, he cannot utter a word, he falls at her feet. Cunegund faints upon the sofa. The old woman bedews them with spirits; they recover; they begin to speak. At first they could express themselves only in broken accents; their questions and answers were alternately interrupted with sighs, tears, and exclamations. The old woman desired them to make less noise; and after this prudent admonition left them together. Good heavens! cried Candid, is it you? Is it Miss Cunegund I behold, and alive? Do I find you again in Portugal? then you have not been ravished? they did not rip open your belly, as the philosopher Pangloss informed me? Indeed but they did, replied Miss Cunegund; but these two accidents do not always prove mortal. But were your father and mother killed? Alas! answered she, it is but too true! and she wept. And your brother? And my brother also. And how came you into Portugal? And how did you know of my being here? And by what strange adventure did you contrive to have me brought into this house? And how—— I will tell you all, replied the lady, but first you must acquaint me with all that has befallen you, since the innocent kiss you gave me, and the rude kicking you received in consequence of it.

Candid, with the greatest submission, prepared to obey the commands of his fair mistress, and though he was still wrapt in amazement, though his voice was low and tremulous, though his back pained him, yet he gave her a most ingenuous account of every thing that had befallen him since the moment of their separation. Cunegund, with her eyes uplifted to heaven, shed tears when he related the death of the good anabaptist James, and of Pangloss; after which she thus related her adventures to Candid, who lost not one syllable she uttered, and seemed to devour her with his eyes all the time she was speaking.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### *The History of Cunegund.*

I was in bed and fast asleep, when it pleased heaven to send the Bulgarians to our delightful castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh, where they murdered my father and brother, and cut my mother in pieces. A tall Bulgarian soldier, six feet high, perceiving that I had fainted away at this sight, attempted to ravish me; the operation brought me to my senses. I cried, I struggled, I bit, I scratched, I would have torn the tall Bulgarian's eyes out, not knowing that what had happened at my father's castle was a customary thing. The brutal soldier, enraged at my resistance, gave me a cut in the left groin with his hanger, the mark of which I still carry. I hope I shall see it, said Candid, with all imaginable simplicity. You shall, said Cunegund; but let me proceed. Pray do, replied Candid.

She continued. A Bulgarian captain came in and saw me weltering in my blood, and the soldier still as busy as if no one had been present. The officer, enraged at the fellow's want of respect to him, killed him with one stroke of his sabre as he lay upon me. This captain took care of me, had me cured, and carried me prisoner of war to his quarters. I washed what little linen he was master of, and dressed his victuals; he was very fond of me, that was certain; neither can I deny that he was well made, and had a white soft skin, but he was very stupid, and knew nothing of philosophy: it might plainly be perceived that he had not been educated under Doctor Pangloss. In three months time, having gamed away all his money, and being grown tired of me, he sold me to a Jew, named Don Issachar, who traded to Holland and Portugal, and was passionately fond of women. This Jew showed me great kindness, in hopes to gain my favour; but he never could prevail on me. A modest woman may be once ravished; but her virtue is greatly strengthened thereby. In order to make sure of me, he brought me to this country house you now see. I had hitherto believed that nothing could

equal the beauty of the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh, but I found I was mistaken.

The grand inquisitor saw me one day at mass, ogled me all the time of service, and, when it was over, sent to let me know he wanted to speak with me about some private business. I was conducted to his palace, where I told him all my story: he represented to me how much it was beneath a person of my birth to belong to a circumcised Israelite. He caused a proposal to be made to Don Issachar, that he should resign me to his lordship. Don Issachar, being the court banker, and a man of credit, was not easy to be prevailed upon. His lordship threatened him with an auto-da-fe; in short, my Jew was frightened into a composition, and it was agreed between them, that the house and myself should belong to both in common; that the Jew should have Monday, Wednesday, and the Sabbath to himself; and the inquisitor the other four days of the week. This agreement has subsisted almost six months; but not without several contests, whether the space from Saturday night to Sunday morning belonged to the old or the new law. For my part, I have hitherto withstood them both, and truly I believe this is the very reason why they are both so fond of me.

At length, to turn aside the scourge of earthquakes, and to intimidate Don Issachar, my lord inquisitor was pleased to celebrate an auto-da-fe. He did me the honour to invite me to the ceremony. I had a very good seat; and refreshments of all kinds were offered the ladies between mass and the execution. I was dreadfully shocked at the burning of the two Jews, and the honest Biscayner, who married his god-mother; but how great was my surprise, my consternation, and concern, when I beheld a figure so like Pangloss, dressed in a san benito and mitre! I rubbed my eyes, I looked at him attentively. I saw him hanged, and I fainted away: scarce had I recovered my senses, when I beheld you stark-naked; this was the height of horror, grief, and despair. I must confess to you for a truth, that your skin is far whiter and more blooming, than that of the Bulgarian captain. This spectacle worked me up to

a pitch of distraction. I screamed out, and would have said, Hold, barbarians! but my voice failed me; and indeed my cries would have signified nothing. After you had been severely whipped, how is it possible, said I to myself, that the lovely Candid and the sage Pangloss should be at Lisbon, the one to receive an hundred lashes, and the other to be hanged by order of my lord inquisitor, of whom I am so great a favourite? Pangloss deceived me most cruelly, in saying that every thing is fittest and best.

Thus agitated and perplexed, now distracted and lost, now half dead with grief, I revolved in my mind the murder of my father, mother, and brother, committed before my eyes; the insolence of the rascally Bulgarian soldier; the wound he gave me in the groin; my servitude; my being a cook wench to my Bulgarian captain; my subjection to the dirty Jew, and my cruel inquisitor; the hanging of Doctor Pangloss; the *miserere* sung while you was whipt; and particularly the kiss I gave you behind the screen, the last day I ever beheld you. I returned thanks to God for having brought you to the place where I was, after so many trials. I charged the old woman who attends me, to bring you hither, as soon as was convenient. She has punctually executed my orders, and I now enjoy the inexpressible satisfaction of seeing you, hearing you, and speaking to you. But you must certainly be half dead with hunger; I myself have a great inclination to eat, and so let us sit down to supper.

Upon this the two lovers immediately placed themselves at table, and, after having supper, they returned to seat themselves again on the magnificent sofa already mentioned, where they were in amorous dalliance, when Signor Don Issachar, one of the masters of the house, entered unexpectedly; it was the Sabbath day, and he came to enjoy his privilege, and sigh forth his passion at the feet of the fair Cunegund.

## CHAPTER IX.

*What happened to Cunegund, Candid, the grand Inquisitor, and the Jew.*

This same Issachar was the most choleric little Hebrew that had ever been in Israel, since the captivity of Babylon. What then, said he, thou Galilean b—h? the inquisitor was not enough for thee, but this rascal must come in for a share with me? In uttering these words, he drew out a long poinard, which he always carried about him, and never dreaming that his adversary had any arms, he attacked him most furiously; but our honest Westphalian had received a handsome sword of the old woman with the suit of clothes. Candid draws his rapier; and though he was the most gentle, sweet-tempered young man breathing, he whips it into the Israelite, and laid him sprawling on the floor, at the fair Cunegund's feet.

Holy Virgin! cried she, what will become of us? A man killed in my apartment! If the peace officers come, we are undone. Had not Pangloss been hanged, replied Candid, he would have given us most excellent advice in this emergency, for he was a profound philosopher. But, since he is not here, let us consult the old woman. She was very intelligent, and was beginning to give her advice, when another door opened on a sudden. It was now one o'clock in the morning, and of course the beginning of Sunday, which, by agreement, fell to the lot of my lord inquisitor. Entering, he discovers the flagellated Candid with his drawn sword in his hand, a dead body stretched on the floor, Cunegund frightened out of her wits, and the old woman giving advice.

At that very moment a sudden thought came into Candid's head. If this holy man, thought he, should call assistance, I shall most undoubtedly be consigned to the flames, and Miss Cunegund may perhaps meet with no better treatment; besides, he was the cause of my being so cruelly whipped; he is my rival; and as I have now begun to dip my hands in blood, I will kill away, for there is no

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Chap. the 9th Part the 1st

OXFORD
TAYLOR INST.

time to hesitate. This whole train of reasoning was clear and instantaneous; so that, without giving time to the inquisitor to recover from his surprise, he ran him through the body, and laid him by the side of the Jew. Good God! cries Cunegund, here's another fine piece of work! now there can be no mercy for us, we are excommunicated to all the devils in hell; our last hour is come. But how in the name of wonder could you, who are of so mild a temper, dispatch a Jew and an inquisitor in two minutes time? Beautiful miss, answered Candid, when a man is in love, is jealous, and has been flogged by the inquisition, he becomes lost to all reflection.

The old woman then put in her word; there are three Andalusian horses in the stable, said she, with as many bridles and saddles; let the brave Candid get them ready; madam has a parcel of moidores and jewels; let us mount immediately, though I have only one buttock to sit upon; let us set out for Cadiz; it is the finest place in the world, and there is great pleasure in travelling in the cool of the night.

Candid, without any farther hesitation, saddles the three horses; and Miss Cunegund, the old woman, and he, set out, and travelled thirty miles without once baiting. While they were making the best of their way, the *holy brotherhood* entered the house. My Lord the Inquisitor is interred in a magnificent manner, and Mr. Issachar's body is thrown upon a dunghill.

Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, had, by this time, reached the little town of Avacena, in the midst of the mountains of Sierra Morena, and were engaged in the following conversation in an inn, where they had taken up their quarters.

## CHAPTER X.

*In what distress Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, arrived at Cadiz; and of their embarkation.*

Who could it be that has robbed me of my moidores and jewels? exclaimed Miss Cunegund, all bathed in tears.

How shall we live? What shall we do? Where shall I find inquisitors and Jews who can give me more? Alas! said the old woman, I have a shrewd suspicion of a reverend father Cordelier, who lay last night in the same inn with us at Badajoz: God forbid I should condemn any one wrongfully, but he came into our room twice, and he set off in the morning long before us. Alas! said Candid, Pangloss has often demonstrated to me that the good of this world are common to all men, and that every one has an equal right to the enjoyment of them; but, according to these principles, the Cordelier ought to have left us enough to carry us to the end of our journey. Have you nothing at all left, my dear Miss Cunegund? Not a *sous*, replied she. What is to be done, then? said Candid. Sell one of the horses, replied the old woman, I will get behind Miss Cunegund, though I have only one buttock to ride on, and we shall reach Cadiz, never fear.

In the same inn there was a Benedictine friar, who bought the horse very cheap. Candid, Cunegund, and the old woman, after passing through Lucina, Chellas, and Lotrixa, arrived at length at Cadiz. A fleet was then getting ready, and troops were assembling, in order to reduce the reverend fathers the Jesuits of Paraguay, who were accused of having excited one of the Indian tribes in the neighbourhood of the town of the Holy Sacrament, to revolt against the kings of Spain and Portugal. Candid, having been in the Bulgarian service, performed the military exercise of that nation, before the general of this little army, with so intrepid an air, and with such agility and expedition, that he gave him the command of a company of foot. Being now made a captain, he embarks with Miss Cunegund, the old woman, two valets, and the two Andalusian horses, which had belonged to the grand inquisitor of Portugal.

During their voyage, they amused themselves with many profound reasonings on poor Pangloss's philosophy. We are now going into another world, and surely it must be there that every thing is best; for I must confess, that we have had some little reason to complain of what passes in

ours, both as to the physical and moral part. Though I have a sincere love for you, said Miss Cunegund, yet I still shudder at the reflection of what I have seen and experienced. All will be well, replied Candid, the sea of this new world is already better than our European seas: it is smoother, and the winds blow more regularly. God grant it, said Cunegund; but I have met with such terrible treatment in this, that I have almost lost all hopes of a better. What murmuring and complaining is here indeed! cried the old woman: if you had suffered half what I have done, there might be some reason for it. Miss Cunegund could scarce refrain laughing at the good old woman, and thought it droll enough to pretend to a greater share of misfortunes than herself. Alas! my good dame, said she, unless you had been ravished by two Bulgarians, had received two deep wounds in your belly, had seen two of your own castles demolished, had lost two fathers and two mothers, and seen both of them barbarously murdered before your eyes, and, to sum up all, had two lovers whipped at an auta-da-fe, I cannot see how you could be more unfortunate than me. Add to this, though born a baroness, and bearing seventy-two quarterings, I have been reduced to a cook-wench. Miss, replied the old woman, you do not know my family as yet; but if I was to show you my backside, you would not talk in this manner, but suspend your judgment. This speech raised a high curiosity in Candid and Cunegund; and the old woman continued as follows.

## CHAPTER XI.

### *The History of the old Woman.*

I have not always been blear-eyed. My nose did not always touch my chin, nor was I always a servant. You must know that I am the daughter of Pope Urban X,* and and of the Princess of Palestrina. To the age of fourteen

* There never was a tenth Pope of that name; so that this number is mentioned to avoid scandal.

I was brought up in a castle, to which all the castles of the German barons would not have been fit for stabling, and one of my robes would have bought half the province of Westphalia. I grew up, and improved in beauty, in wit, and in every graceful accomplishment, in the midst of pleasures, homage, and the highest expectations. I already began to inspire the men with love: my breast began to take its right form; and such a breast! white, firm, and formed like that of Venus of Medicis: my eye-brows were as black as jet; and as for my eyes, they darted flames, and eclipsed the lustre of the stars, as I was told by the poets of our part of the world. My maids, when they dressed and undressed me, used to fall into an estacy in viewing me before and behind; and all the men longed to be in their places.

I was contracted to a sovereign prince of Massa Carara. Such a prince! as handsome as myself, sweet tempered, agreeable, witty, and in love with me over head and ears. I loved him too, as our sex generally do for the first time, with rapture, transport, and idolatry. The nuptials were prepared with surprising pomp and magnificence; the ceremony was attended with feasts, carousals, and burlettas: all Italy composed sonnets in my praise, though not one of them was tolerable. I was on the point of reaching the summit of bliss, when an old marchioness, who had been mistress to the prince my husband, invited him to drink chocolate. In less than two hours after he returned from the visit he died of most terrible convulsions; but this is a mere trifle. My mother, distracted to the highest degree, and yet less afflicted than me, determined to absent herself for some time from so fatal a place. As she had a very fine estate in the neighbourhood of Gaeta, we embarked on board a galley, which was gilded like the high altar of St. Peter's at Rome. In our passage we were boarded by a Sallee rover. Our men defended themselves like true Pope's soldiers; they flung themselves upon their knees, laid down their arms, and begged the corsair to give them absolution in *articulo mortis*.

The Moors presently stripped us as bare as we were born. My mother, my maids of honour, and myself, were served all in the same manner. It is amazing how quick these gentry were at undressing people. But what surprised me most was, that they thrust their fingers into that part of our bodies where we women seldom admit any thing but —— pipes to enter. I thought it a very strange kind of ceremony; for thus we are generally apt to judge of things when we have not seen the world. I afterwards learnt, that it was to discover if we had no diamonds concealed. This practice has been established time immemorial among those civilized nations that scour the seas. I was informed that the religious knights of Malta never fail to make this search, whenever any Moors of either sex fall into their hands. It is a part of the law of nations, from which they never deviate.

I need not tell you how great a hardship it was for a young princess and her mother to be made slaves and carried to Morocco. You may easily imagine what we must have suffered on board a corsair. My mother was still extremely handsome, our maids of honour, and even our common waiting women, had more charms than were to be found in all Africa. As to myself, I was enchanting; I was beauty itself, and then I had my virginity. But, alas! I did not retain it long; this precious flower, which was reserved for the lovely prince of Massa Carara, was cropt by the captain of a Moorish vessel, who was a hideous negro, and thought he did me infinite honour. Indeed, both the princess of Palestrina and myself must have had very strong constitutions to undergo all the hardships and violences we suffered till our arrival at Morocco. But I will not detain you any longer with such common things, they are hardly worth mentioning.

Upon our arrival at Morocco, we found that kingdom bathed in blood. Fifty sons of the Emperor Muley Ishmael where each at the head of a party. This produced fifty civil wars of blacks against blacks, of tawnies against tawnies, and of mulattoes against mulattoes. In short, the whole empire was one continued scene of carcases.

No sooner were we landed, than a party of blacks, of

contrary faction to that of my captain, came to rob him of his booty. Next to the money and jewels, we were the most valuable things he had. I was witness on this occasion to such a battle as you never beheld in your cold European climates. The northern nations have not that fermentation in their blood, nor that raging lust for women that is so common in Africa. The natives of Europe seem to have their veins filled with milk only; but fire and vitriol circulate in those of the inhabitants of Mount Atlas, and the neighbouring provinces. They fought with the fury of the lions, tigers, and serpents of their country, to know who should have us. A Moor seized my mother by her right arm, while my captain's lieutenant held her by the left; another Moor laid hold of her by the right leg, and one of our corsairs held her by the other. In this manner were almost every one of our women dragged between four soldiers. My captain kept me concealed behind him, and with his drawn scymetar cut down every one who opposed him; at length I saw all our Italian women and my mother, mangled and torn in pieces by the monsters who contended for them. The captives, my companions, the Moors who took us, the soldiers, the sailors, the blacks, the whites, the mulattoes, and lastly, my captain himself, were all slain, and I remained alone expiring upon a heap of dead bodies. The like barbarous scenes were transacted every day over the whole country, which is an extent of three hundred leagues, and yet they never missed the five stated times of prayer enjoined by their prophet Mahomet.

I disengaged myself with great difficulty from such a heap of slaughtered bodies, and made a shift to crawl to a large orange tree that stood on the bank of a neighbouring rivulet, where I fell down exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with horror, despair, and hunger. My senses being overpowered, I fell asleep, or rather seemed to be in a trance. Thus I lay in a state of weakness and insensibility, between life and death, when I felt myself pressed by something that moved up and down upon my body. This brought me to myself; I opened my eyes, and saw a pretty fair faced man, who sighed and muttered these words between his teeth, *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

## CHAPTER XII.

### *The Adventures of the Old Woman continued.*

Astonished and delighted to hear my native language, and no less surprised at the young man's words, I told him that there were far greater misfortunes in the world than what he complained of. And to convince him of it, I gave him him a short history of the horrible disasters that had befallen me; and, as soon as I had finished, fell into a swoon again. He carried me in his arms to a neighbouring cottage, where he had me put to bed, procured me something to eat, waited on me with the greatest attention, comforted me, caressed me, told me that he had never seen any thing so perfectly beautiful as myself, and that he had never so much regretted the loss of what no one could restore to him. I was born at Naples, said he, where they caponise two or three thousand children every year: several die of the operation; some acquire voices far beyond the most tuneful of your ladies; and others are sent to govern states and empires. I underwent this operation very happily, and was one of the singers in the Princess of Palestrina's chapel. How, cried I, in my mother's chapel! The Princess of Palestrina your mother, cried he, bursting into a flood of tears! is it possible you should be the beautiful young princess whom I had the care of bringing up till she was six years old, and who, at that tender age, promised to be as fair as I now behold you? I am the same, replied I. My mother lies about a hundred yards from hence, cut in pieces, and buried under a heap of dead bodies.

I then related to him all that had befallen me, and he in return acquainted me with all his adventures, and how he had been sent to the court of the king of Morocco by a christian prince, to conclude a treaty with that monarch; in consequence of which he was to be furnished with military stores, and ships to enable him to destroy the commerce of other christian governments. I have executed my

commission, said the eunuch; I am going to take shipping at Ceuta, and I'll take you along with me to Italy. *Ma che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni!*

I thanked him with tears of joy, and, instead of taking me with him into Italy, he carried me to Algiers, and sold me to the dey of that province. I had not been long a slave when the plague, which had made the tour of Africa, Asia, and Europe, broke out at Algiers with redoubled fury. You have seen an earthquake; but tell me, Miss, had you ever the plague? Never, answered the young baroness.

If you ever had, continued the old woman, you would own an earthquake was a trifle to it. It is very common in Africa: I was seized with it. Figure to yourself the distressed situation of the daughter of a pope, only fifteen years old, and who in less than three months had felt the miseries of poverty and slavery; had been ravished almost every day; had beheld her mother cut into four quarters; had experienced the scourges of famine and war, and was now dying of the plague at Algiers. I did not, however, die of it; but my eunuch, and the dey, and almost the whole seraglio of Algiers, were swept off.

As soon as the first fury of this dreadful pestilence was over, a sale was made of the dey's slaves. I was purchased by a merchant, who carried me to Tunis. This man sold me to another merchant, who sold me again to another at Tripoli; from Tripoli I was sold to Alexandria, from Alexandria to Smyrna, and from Smyrna to Constantinople. After many changes, I at length became the property of an aga of the Janissaries, who, soon after I came into his possession, was ordered away to the defence of Asoph, then beseiged by the Russians.

The aga being very fond of women, took his whole seraglio with him, and lodged us in a small fort, with two black eunuchs and twenty soldiers for our guard. Our army made a great slaughter among the Russians, but they soon returned us the compliment. Asoph was taken by storm, and the enemy spared neither age, sex, nor condition, but put all to the sword, and laid the city in ashes.

Our little fort alone held out; they resolved to reduce us by famine. The twenty janissaries who were left to defend it, had bound themselves by an oath never to surrender the place. Being reduced to the extremity of famine, they found themselves obliged to kill our two eunuchs, and eat them, rather than violate their oath. But this horrible repast soon failing them, they next determined to support the remains of life by devouring the women.

We had a very pious and humane iman, who made them a most excellent sermon on this occasion, exhorting them not to kill us all at once; "Only cut off one of the buttocks of each of those ladies," said he, "and you will fare extremely well; if ye are still under the necessity of having recourse to the same expedient again, ye will find the like supply a few days hence. Heaven will approve of so charitable an action, and work your deliverance."

By the force of this eloquence he easily persuaded them, and all underwent the operation. The iman applied the same balsam as they do to children after circumcision. We were all ready to give up the ghost.

The janissaries had scarcely time to finish the repast with which we had supplied them, when the Russians attacked the place by means of flat bottomed boats, and not a single janissary escaped. The Russians paid no regard to the condition we were in; but as there are French surgeons in all parts of the world, a skilful operator took us under his care, and made a cure of us; and I shall never forget, while I live, that as soon as my wounds were perfectly healed, he made me certain proposals. In general, he desired us all to have a good heart, assuring us that the like had happened in many sieges; and that it was perfectly agreeable to the laws of war.

As soon as my companions were in a condition to walk, they were sent to Moscow. As for me, I fell to the lot of a Boyard, who put me to work in his garden, and gave me twenty lashes a-day, But this nobleman having, in about two years afterwards, been broke alive upon the wheel, with about thirty others, for some court intrigues, I took advantage of the event, and made my escape. I travelled

over great part of Russia. I was a long time an innkeeper's servant at Riga, then at Rostock, Wiemar, Leipsick, Cassel, Utrecht, Leyden, the Hague and Rotterdam: I have grown old in misery and disgrace, living with only one buttock, and in the perpetual remembrance that I was a pope's daughter. I have been an hundred times upon the point of killing myself, but still was fond of life. This ridiculous weakness is, perhaps, one of the dangerous principles implanted in our nature. For what can be more absurd than to persist in carrying a burden of which we wish to be eased? to detest, and yet to strive to preserve our existence? In a word, to caress the serpent that devours us, and hug him close to our bosoms, till he has gnawed into our hearts?

In the different countries which it has been my fate to traverse, and the many inns where I have been a servant, I have observed a prodigious number of people who held their existence in abhorrence, and yet I never knew more than twelve who voluntarily put an end to their misery; namely, three Negroes, four Englishmen, as many Genoese, and a German professor, named Robek. My last place was with the jew, Don Issachar, who placed me near your person, my fair lady; to whose fortunes I have attached myself, and have been more affected by your misfortunes than my own. I should never have even mentioned the latter to you, had you not a little piqued me on the head of sufferings; and if it was not customary to tell stories on board a ship in order to pass away the time. In short, my dear miss, I have a great deal of knowledge and experience in the world, therefore take my advice; divert yourself, and prevail upon each passenger to tell his story, and if there is one of them all that has not cursed his existence many times, and said to himself over and over again, that he was the most wretched of mortals, I give you leave to throw me head foremost into the sea.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*How Candid was obliged to leave the fair Cunegund and the Old Woman.*

The fair Cunegund, being thus made acquainted with the history of the old woman's life and adventures, paid her all the respect and civility due to a person of her rank and merit. She very readily came into her proposal of engaging every one of the passengers to relate their adventures in their turns, and was at length, as well as Candid, compelled to acknowledge that the old woman was in the right. It is a thousand pities, said Candid, that the sage Pangloss should have been hanged contrary to the custom of an auto-da-fe, for he would have read us a most admirable lecture on the moral and physical evil which overspread the earth and sea; and I think I should have courage enough to presume to offer (with all due respect) some few objections.

While every one was reciting his adventures, the ship continued her way, and at length arrived at Buenos Ayres, where Cunegund, Captain Candid, and the old woman, landed and went to wait upon the Governor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza. This nobleman carried himself with a haughtiness suitable to a person who bore so many names. He spoke with the most noble disdain to every one, carried his nose so high, strained his voice to such a pitch, assumed so imperious an air, and stalked with so much loftiness and pride, that every one who had the honour of conversing with him were violently tempted to bastinade his excellency. He was immoderately fond of women, and Miss Cunegund appeared in his eyes a paragon of beauty. The first thing he did was, to ask her if she was not the captain's wife? The air with which he made this demand alarmed Candid, who did not dare to say he was married to her, because, indeed, he was not; neither durst he say she was his sister, because she was not: and though a lie of this nature proved of great service to one of the

ancients, and might possibly be useful to some of the moderns, yet the purity of his heart would not permit him to violate the truth. Miss Cunegund, replied he, is to do me the honour to marry me, and we humbly beseech your excellency to condescend to grace the ceremony with your presence.

Don Fernando d'Ibarraa, y Figueora, y Mascarenes, y Lampourdos, y Souza, twirling his mustachio, and putting on a sarcastic smile, ordered Captain Candid to go and review his company. The gentle Candid obeyed, and the governor was left with Miss Cunegund. He made her a strong declaration of love, protesting, that he was ready to give her his hand in the face of the church, or otherwise, as should appear most agreeable to a young lady of her prodigious beauty. Cunegund desired leave to retire a quarter of an hour to consult the old woman, and determine how she should proceed.

The old woman gave her the following counsel: Miss, you have seventy-two quarterings in your arms, it is true, but you have not a penny to bless yourself with: it is your own fault, if you are not wife to one of the greatest noblemen in South America, with an exceeding fine mustachio. What business have you to pride yourself upon an unshaken constancy? You have been ravished by a Bulgarian soldier; a jew and an inquisitor have both tasted of your favors. People take advantage of misfortunes. I must confess, were I in your place, I should, without the least scruple, give my hand to the governor, and thereby make the fortune of the brave Captain Candid. While the old woman was thus haranguing, with all the prudence that old age and experience furnish, a small bark entered the harbour, in which was an alcayde and his alguazils. Matters had fallen out as follows:

The old woman rightly guessed, that the cordelier with the long sleeves was the person who had taken Miss Cunegund's money and jewels while they and Candid were at Badajos, in their flight from Lisbon. This same friar attempted to sell some of the diamonds to a jeweller, who presently knew them to have belonged to the grand inqui-

sitor, and stopped them. The cordelier, before he was hanged, acknowledged that he had stolen them, and described the persons, and the road they had taken. The flight of Cunegund and Candid was already the town-talk. They sent in pursuit of them to Cadiz; and the vessel which had been sent, to make the greater dispatch, had now reached the port of Buenos Ayres. A report was spread, that an alcayde was going to land, and that he was in pursuit of the murderers of my lord the inquisitor. The sage old woman immediately saw what was to be done. You cannot run away, said she to Cunegund; but you have nothing to fear; it was not you who killed my lord inquisitor: besides, as the governor is in love with you, he will not suffer you to be ill-treated; therefore stand your ground. Then hurrying away to Candid, Begone, said she, from hence this instant, or you will be burnt alive. Candid found there was no time to be lost; but how could he part from Cunegund, and whither must he fly for shelter?

## CHAPTER XIV.

*The reception Candid and Cacambo met with among the Jesuits in Paraguay.*

Candid had brought with him from Cadiz such a footman as one often meets with on the coasts of Spain, and in the colonies. He was the fourth part of a Spaniard, of a mongrel breed, and born in Tucuman. He had successively gone through the profession of a singing boy, sexton, sailor, monk, pedlar, soldier, and lacquey. His name was Cacambo; he had a great affection for his master, because his master was a mighty good man. He immediately saddled the two Andalusian horses. Come, my good master, let us follow the old woman's advice, and make all the haste we can from this place, without staying to look behind us. Candid burst into a flood of tears: O, my dear Cunegund, must I then be compelled to quit you, just as the governor was going to honour us with his presence at our wed-

ding? Cunegund, so long lost and found again, what will become of you? Lord! said Cacambo, she must do as well as she can; women are never at a loss. God takes care of them, and so let us make the best of our way. But whither wilt thou carry me? where can we go? what can we do without Cunegund? cried the disconsolate Candid. By St. James of Compostella, said Cacambo, you was going to fight against the Jesuits of Paraguay; now let us e'en go and fight for them; I know the road perfectly well; I'll conduct you to their kingdom; they will be delighted with a captain that understands the Bulgarian exercise; you will certainly make a prodigious fortune. If we cannot find our account in one world, we may in another. It is a great pleasure to see new objects, and perform new exploits.

Then you have been in Paraguay? said Candid. Ay, marry, have I, replied Cacambo: I was a scout in the College of the Assumption, and am as well acquainted with the new government of Los Padres, as I am with the streets of Cadiz. Oh, it is an admirable government, that is most certain! The kingdom is at present upwards of three hundred leagues in diameter, and divided into thirty provinces; the fathers are there masters of every thing, and the people have no money at all; this, you must allow, is the master-piece of justice and reason. For my part, I see nothing so divine as the good fathers, who wage war in this part of the world against the troops of Spain and Portugal, at the same time that they hear the confessions of those very princes in Europe; who kill Spaniards in America, and send them to heaven at Madrid. This pleases me exceedingly, but let us push forward; you are going to see the happiest and most fortunate of all mortals. How charmed will those fathers be, to hear that a captain who understands the Bulgarian exercise is coming among them!

As soon as they reached the first barrier, Cacambo called to the advance-guard, and told them that a captain wanted to speak to my lord the general. Notice was given to the main-guard, and immediately a Paraguayan officer ran

to throw himself at the feet of the commandant, to impart this news to him. Candid and Cacambo were immediately disarmed, and their two Andalusian horses were seized. The two strangers are now conducted between two files of musqueteers, the commandant was at the farther end with a three-cornered cap on his head, his gown tucked up, a sword by his side, and an half pike in his hand; he made a sign, and instantly four-and-twenty soldiers drew up round the new comers. A serjeant told them that they must wait, the commandant could not speak to them; and that the reverend father provincial did not suffer any Spaniard to open his mouth but in his presence, or to stay above three hours in the province. And where is the reverend father provincial? said Cacambo. He is just come from mass, and is at the parade, replied the serjeant, and in about three hours time, you may possibly have the honour to kiss his spurs. But, said Cacambo, the captain, who, as well as myself, is perishing with hunger, is no Spaniard, but a German; therefore, pray, might we not be permitted to break our fast till we can be introduced to his reverence?

The serjeant immediately went, and acquainted the commandant with what he heard. God be praised, said the reverend commandant, since he is a German, I will hear what he has to say; let him be brought to my arbour. Immediately they conducted Candid to a beautiful pavilion, adorned with a colonade of green marble, spotted with yellow, and with an intertexture of vines, which served as a kind of cage for parrots, humming birds, fly-birds, Guinea hens, and all other curious kinds of birds. An excellent breakfast was provided in vessels of gold; and while the Paraguayans were eating coarse Indian corn out of wooden dishes in the open air, and exposed to the burning heat of the sun, the reverend father commandant retired to his cool arbour.

He was a very handsome young man, round-faced, fair, and fresh-coloured, his eye-brows were finely arched, he had a piercing eye, the tips of his ears were red, his lips vermilion, and he had a bold and commanding air; but

such a boldness as neither resembled that of a Spaniard nor of a Jesuit. He ordered Candid and Cacambo to have their arms restored to them, together with their two Andalusian horses. Cacambo gave the poor beasts some oats to eat close by the arbour, keeping a strict eye upon them all the while, for fear of surprise.

Candid having kissed the hem of the commandant's robe, they sat down to table. It seems you are a German, says the Jesuit to him, in that language. Yes, reverend father, answered Candid. As they pronounced these words, they looked at each other with great amazement, and with an emotion which neither could conceal. From what part of Germany do you come, said the Jesuit? From the dirty province of Westphalia, answered Candid: I was born in the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh. Oh heavens! is it possible? said the commandant. What a miracle! cried Candid. Can it be you? said the commandant. On this they both retired a few steps backwards, then running into each each other's arms, embraced and let fall a shower of tears. Is it you then, reverend father? You are the brother of the fair Miss Cunegund? you that was slain by the Bulgarians! you the baron's son! you a Jesuit in Paraguay! I must confess this is a strange world we live in. O Pangloss! Pangloss! what joy would this have given you, if you had not been hanged.

The commandant dismissed the negro slaves, and the Paraguayans, who presented them with liquor in crystal goblets. He returned thanks to God and St. Ignatius a thousand times; he clasped Candid in his arms, and both their faces were bathed in tears. You will be more surprised, more affected, more transported, said Candid, when I tell you that Miss Cunegund, your sister, whose belly was supposed to have been ript open, is in perfect health. Where? In your neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos Ayres: and I myself was going to fight against you. Every word they uttered during this long conversation was productive of some new matter of astonishment. Their souls fluttered on their tongues, listened in their ears, and sparkled in their eyes. Like true Germans,

they continued a long time at table, waiting for the reverend father; and the commandant spoke to his dear Candid as follows.

## CHAPTER XV.

*How Candid killed the Brother of his dear Cunegund.*

Never while I live shall I lose the remembrance of that horrible day on which I saw my father and brother barbarously butchered before my eyes, and my sister ravished. When the Bulgarians retired, we searched in vain for my dear sister. She was no where to be found; but the bodies of my father, mother, and myself, with two servant maids, and three little boys, all of whom had been murdered by the remorseless enemy, were thrown into a cart, to be buried in a chapel belonging to the Jesuits, within two leagues of our family seat. A Jesuit sprinkled us with some holy water, which was confounded salt, and a few drops of it went into my eyes: the father perceived that my eye-lids stirred a little; he put his hand upon my breast, and felt my heart beat; upon which he gave me proper assistance, and at the end of three weeks I was perfectly recovered. You know, my dear Candid, I was very handsome; I became still more so, and the reverend father Croust, superior of that house, took a great fancy to me; he gave me the habit of the order, and some years afterwards I was sent to Rome. Our general stood in need of new levies of young German Jesuits. The sovereigns of Paraguay admit of as few Spanish Jesuits as possible; they prefer those of other nations, as being more obedient to command. The reverend father general looked upon me as a proper person to work in that vineyard. I set out in company with a Polander and a Tyrolese. Upon my arrival, I was honoured with a subdeaconship and a lieutenancy. Now I am colonel and priest. We shall give a warm reception to the king of Spain's troops; I can assure you, they will be well excommunicated and beaten. Providence has sent

you hither to assist us. But is it true that my dear sister Cunegund is in the neighbourhood, with the governor of Buenos Ayres? Candid swore that nothing could be more true, and the tears began again to trickle down their cheeks.

The baron knew no end of embracing Candid: he called him his brother, his deliverer. Perhaps, said he, my dear Candid, we shall be fortunate enough to enter the town sword in hand, and recover my sister Cunegund. Ah! that would crown my wishes, replied Candid, for I intended to marry her; and I hope I shall still be able to effect it. Insolent fellow! replied the baron. You! you have the impudence to marry my sister, who bears seventy-two quarterings! really I think you have an insufferable degree of assurance, to dare so much as to mention such an audacious design to me. Candid, thunder-struck at the oddness of this speech, answered, Reverend Father, all the quarterings in the world are of no signification. I have delivered your sister from a jew and an inquisitor; she is under many obligations to me, and she is resolved to give me her hand. My master, Pangloss, always told me, that mankind are by nature equal; therefore, you may depend upon it, that I will marry your sister. We shall see that villain! said the Jesuit, baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, and struck him across the face with the flat side of his sword. Candid, in an instant, draws his rapier, and plunges it up to the hilt in the Jesuit's body; but, in pulling it out reeking hot, he burst into tears. Good God! cried he, I have killed my old master, my friend, my brother-in law; I am the mildest man in the world and yet I have already killed three men; and of these three two were priests.

Cacambo, who was standing sentry near the door of the arbour, instantly ran up. Nothing remains, said his master, but to sell our lives as dear as possible; they will undoubtedly look into the arbour; we must die sword in hand. Cacambo, who had seen many of these kind of adventures, was not discouraged! he stript the baron of his Jesuit's habit, and put it upon Candid; then gave him the dead man's three-cornered cap, and made him mount on horse-

*Chap. XVI. Part. I.*

back. All this was done as quick as thought. Gallop, master, cried Cacambo; every body will take you for a Jesuit going to give orders; and we shall have passed the frontiers before they will be able to overtake us. He flew, as he spoke these words, crying out aloud in Spanish, Make way, make way, for the reverend father colonel.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*What happened to our two travellers with two girls, two monkeys, and the savages called Oreillons.*

Candid and his valet had already passed the frontier, before it was known that the German Jesuit was dead. The wary Cacambo had taken care to fill his wallet with bread, chocolate, some ham, some fruit, and a few bottles of wine. They penetrated with their Andalusian horses into a strange country, where they could discover no beaten path. At length, a beautiful meadow, intersected with purling rills, opened to their view. Cacambo proposed to his master to take some nourishment, and he set him an example, How can you desire me to feast upon ham, when I have killed the baron's son, and am doomed never more to see the beautiful Cunegund? what will it avail me to prolong a wretched life that might be spent far from her in remorse and despair; and then, what will the journal of Trevoux say?*

While he was making these reflections he still continued eating. The sun was now on the point of setting, when the ears of our two wanderers were assailed with cries which seemed to be uttered by a female voice. They could not tell whether these were cries of grief or joy; however, they instantly started up, full of that inquietude and apprehension which a strange place naturally inspires. The cries proceeded from two young women who were tripping stark naked along the mead, while two monkeys followed close

* A periodical critique on the works the learned, executed by Jesuits.

at their heels biting their buttocks. Candid was touched with compassion; he had learned to shoot while he was among the Bulgarians, and he could hit a filbert in a hedge without touching a leaf. Accordingly, he takes up his double-barrel Spanish fusil, pulls the trigger, and lays the two monkeys lifeless on the ground. God be praised, my dear Cacambo, I have rescued two poor girls from a most perilous situation: if I have committed a sin in killing an inquisitor and a Jesuit, I made ample amends by saving the lives of these two distressed damsels. Who knows but they may be young ladies of a good family, and that this assistance I have been so happy to give them, may procure us great advantage in this country.

He was about to continue, when he felt himself struck speechless at seeing the two girls embracing the dead bodies of the monkeys in the tenderest manner, bathing their wounds with their tears, and rending the air with the most doleful lamentations. Really, said he to Cacambo, I should not have expected to see such a prodigious share of good nature. Master, replied the knowing valet, you have made a precious piece of work of it; do you know that you have killed the lovers of these two ladies! Their lovers! Cacambo; you are jesting! it cannot be! I can never believe it. Dear sir, replied Cacambo, you are surprised at every thing; why should you think it so strange, that there should be a country were monkeys insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies; they are the fourth part of a man, as I am the fourth part of a Spaniard? Alas! replied Candid, I remember to have heard my master Pangloss say, that such accidents as these frequently came to pass in former times, and that these commixtures are productive of centaurs, fauns, and satyrs; and that many of the ancients had seen such monsters; but I look upon the whole as fabulous. Now you are convinced, said Cacambo, that it is very true, and you see what use is made of those creatures by persons who have not had a proper education: all I am afraid of is, that these same ladies will play us some ugly trick.

These judicious reflections operated so far on Candid, as to make him quit the meadow, and strike into a thicket.

There he and Cacambo supped, and after heartily cursing the grand inquisitor, the governor of Buenos Ayres, and the baron, they fell asleep on the ground. When they awoke, they were surprised to find that they could not move; the reason was, that the Oreillons, who inhabit that country, and to whom the ladies had given information of these two strangers, had bound them with cords made of the bark of trees. They saw themselves surrounded by fifty naked Oreillons armed with bows and arrows, clubs, and hatchets of flint; some were making a fire under a large cauldron; and others were preparing spits, crying out one and all, A Jesuit! a Jesuit! we shall be revenged; we shall have excellent cheer; let us eat this Jesuit: let us eat him up.

I told you, master, cried Cacambo mournfully, that these two wenches would play us some scurvy trick. Candid seeing the cauldron and the spits, cried out, I suppose they are going either to boil or roast us. Ah! what would Pangloss say if he was to see how pure nature is formed! Every thing is right: it may be so: but I must confess it is something hard to be bereft of dear Miss Cunegund, and to be spitted like a rabbit by these barbarous Oreillons. Cacambo, who never lost his presence of mind in distress, said to the disconsolate Candid, Do not despair; I understand a little of the jargon of these people; I will speak to them. Ay, pray do, said Candid, and be sure you make them sensible of the horrid barbarity of boiling and roasting of human creatures, and how little of Christianity there is in such practices.

Gentlemen, said Cacambo, you think perhaps you are going to feast upon a Jesuit; if so, it is mighty well, nothing can be more agreeable to justice than thus to treat your enemies. Indeed, the law of nature teaches us to kill our neighbour, and accordingly we find this practised all over the world; and if we do not indulge ourselves in eating human flesh, it is because we have much better fare; but for your parts, who have such resources as we, it is certainly much better judged to feast upon your enemies, than to throw their bodies to the fowls of the air; and thus lose all the fruits of your victory. But surely, gentlemen, you would not choose to eat your friends. You imagine you

are going to roast a Jesuit, whereas my master is your friend, your defender, and you are going to spit the very man who has been destroying your enemies: as to myself, I am your countryman; this gentleman is my master, and so far from being a Jesuit, give me leave to tell you, he has very lately killed one of that order, whose spoils he now wears, and which have probably occasioned your mistake. To convince you of the truth of what I say, take the habit he has now on, and carry it to the first barrier of the Jesuit's kingdom. and enquire whether my master did not kill one of their officers. There will be little or no time lost by this, and you may still reserve our bodies in your power to feast on, if you should find what we have told you to be false. But, on the contrary, if you find it to be true, I am persuaded you are too well acquainted with the principles of the laws of society, humanity, and justice, not to use us courteously, and suffer us to depart unhurt.

This speech appeared very reasonable to the Oreillons; they deputed two of their people with all expedition to inquire into the truth of this affair, who acquitted themselves of their commission like men of sense, and soon returned with good tidings for our distressed adventurers. Upon this, they were both loosed, and those who were going so lately to roast and boil them, now showed them all sorts of civilities, offered them girls, gave them refreshments, and reconducted them to the confines of their country, crying before them all the way, in token of joy, He is no Jesuit, He is no Jesuit!

Candid could not help admiring the cause of his deliverance. What men! what manners! cried he: if I had not fortunately run my sword up to the hilt in the body of Miss Cunegund's brother, I should have been infallibly eaten alive. But, after all, pure nature is an excellent thing; since these people, instead of eating me, showed me a thousand civilities as soon as they knew I was not a Jesuit.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*Candid and his Valet arrive in the country of El Dorado. What they saw there.*

When they got to the frontiers of the Oreillons, you see, said Cacambo to Candid, this hemisphere is not better than the other: e'en take my advice, and let us return to Europe by the shortest way possible. But how can we get back? said Candid; and whither shall we go? To my own country? the Bulgarians and the Abares are laying that waste with fire and sword: or shall we go to Portugal? there I shall be burnt; and if we abide here, we are every moment in danger of being spitted. But how can I bring myself to quit that part of the world where my dear Miss Cunegund has her residence?

Let us turn towards Cayenne, said Cacambo; there we shall meet with some Frenchmen; for you know those gentry ramble all over the world; perhaps they will assist us, and God will look with pity on our distress.

It was not so easy to get to Cayenne. They knew pretty nearly whereabouts it lay; but the mountains, rivers, precipices, robbers, savages, were dreadful obstacles in the way. Their horses died with fatigue, and their provisions were at an end. They subsisted a whole month upon wild fruit, till at length they came to a little river bordered with cocoa-trees; the sight of which at once revived their drooping spirits, and furnished nourishment for their enfeebled bodies.

Cacambo, who was always giving as good advice as the old woman herself, said to Candid, You see there is no holding out any longer; we have travelled enough on foot. I spy an empty canoe near the river side; let us fill it with cocoa nuts, get in to it, and go down with the stream; a river always leads to some inhabited place. If we do not meet with agreeable things, we shall at least meet with something new. Agreed, replied Candid; let us recommend ourselves to Providence.

They rowed a few leagues down the river, the banks of which were in some places covered with flowers; in others barren; in some parts smooth and level, and in others steep and rugged. The stream widened as they went farther on, till at length it passed under one of the frightful rocks, whose summits seemed to reach the clouds. Here our two travellers had the courage to commit themselves to the stream, which, contracting in this part, hurried them along with a dreadful noise and rapidity. At the end of four-and-twenty hours, they saw day-light again; but their canoe was dashed to pieces against the rocks. They were obliged to creep along, from rock to rock, for the space of a league, till at last a spacious plain presented itself to their sight. This place was bounded by a chain of inaccessible mountains. The country appeared cultivated equally for pleasure, and to produce the necessaries of life. The useful and agreeable were here equally blended. The roads were covered, or rather adorned, with carriages formed of glittering matterials, in which were men and women of a surprising beauty, drawn with great rapidity by red sheep of a very large size; which far surpassed the finest coursers of Andalusia, Tetuan, or Mequinez.

Here is a country, however, said Candid, preferable to Westphalia. He and Cacambo landed near the first village they saw, at the entrance of which they perceived some children covered with tattered garments of the richest brocade, playing at quoits. Our two inhabitants of the other hemisphere amused themselves greatly with what they saw. The quoits were large, round pieces, yellow, red, and green, which cast a most glorious lustre. Our travellers picked some of them up, and they proved to be gold, emeralds, rubies, and diamonds; the least of which would have been the greatest ornament to the superb throne of the great Mogul. Without doubt, said Cacambo, those children must be the king's sons, that are playing at quoits. As he was uttering these words, the school-master of the village appeared, who came to call them to school. There, said Candid, is the preceptor of the royal family.

The little raggamuffins immediately quitted their diversion, leaving the quoits on the ground, with all their other play-things. Candid gathers them up, runs to the schoolmaster, and, with a most respectful bow, presents them to him, giving him to understand by signs, that their royal highnesses had forgot their gold and precious stones. The schoolmaster, with a smile, flung them upon the ground; then examining Candid from head to foot, with an air of admiration, he turned his back, and went on his way.

Our travellers took care, however, to gather up the gold, the rubies, and the emeralds. Where are we? cried Candid: the king's children in this country must have an excellent education, since they are taught to show such a contempt for gold and precious stones. Cacambo was as much surprised as his master. They then drew near the first house in the village which was built after the manner of a European palace. There was a crowd of people about the door, and a still greater number in the house. The sound of the most delightful instruments of music was heard, and the most agreeable smell came from the kitchen. Cacambo went up to the door, and heard those within talking in the Peruvian language, which was his mother tongue; for every one knows that Cacambo was born in a village of Tucuman, where no other language is spoken. I will be your interpreter here, said he to Candid, let us go in; this is an eating-house.

Immediately two waiters, and two servant-girls, dressed in cloth of gold, and their hair braided with ribbands of tissue, accost the strangers, and invite them to sit down to the ordinary. Their dinner consisted of four dishes of different soups, each garnished with two young paroquets, a large dish of bouille, that weighed two hundred weight, two roasted monkeys of a delicious flavour, three hundred humming birds in one dish, and six hundred fly-birds in another; some excellent ragouts, delicate tarts, and the whole served up in dishes of rock-crystal. Several sorts of liquors, extracted from the sugar-cane, where handed about by the servants who attended.

Most of the company were chapmen and waggoners, all

extremely polite: they asked Cacambo a few questions, with the utmost discretion and circumspection; and replied to his in a most obliging and satisfactory manner.

As soon as dinner was over, both Candid and Cacambo thought they should pay very handsomely for their entertainment, by laying down two of those large gold pieces, which they had picked off the ground; but the landlord and landlady burst into a fit of laughing, and held their sides for some time. When the fit was over, Gentlemen, said the landlord, I plainly perceive you are strangers, and such we are not accustomed to see; pardon us, therefore, for laughing, when you offered us the common pebbles of our highways for payment of your reckoning. To be sure, you have none of the coin of this kingdom; but there is no necessity of having any money at all to dine at this house. All the inns, which are established for the conveniency of those who carry on the trade of this nation, are maintained by the government. You have found but very indifferent entertainment here, because this is only a poor village; but in almost every other of these public houses, you will meet with a reception worthy of persons of your merit. Cacambo explained the whole of this speech of the landlord to Candid, who listened to it with the same astonishment with which his friend communicated it. What sort of a country is this, said the one to the other, that is unknown to all the world, and in which Nature has every where so different an appearance to what she has in ours? Possibly this is that part of the globe were every thing is right, for there must certainly be some such place; and, for all that Mr. Pangloss could say, I often perceived that things went very ill in Westphalia.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### *What they saw in the country of El Dorado.*

Cacambo vented all his curiosity upon his landlord by a thousand different questions: the honest man answered

him thus: I am very ignorant, Sir, but I am contented with my ignorance; however, we have in this neighbourhood an old man retired from court, who is the most learned and communicative person in the whole kingdom. He then carried Cacambo to the old man; Candid acted now only a second character, and attended his valet. They entered a very plain house, for the door was nothing but silver, and the ceiling was only of beaten gold, but wrought in so elegant a taste as to vie with the richest. The antichamber, indeed, was only incrusted with rubies and emeralds; but the order in which every thing was disposed, made amends for this great simplicity.

The old man received the strangers on his sofa, which was stuffed with humming birds' feathers; and ordered his servants to present them with liquors in golden goblets, after which he satisfied their curiosity in the following terms:

I am now one hundred and seventy-two years old; and I learnt of my late father, who was equerry to the king, the amazing revolutions of Peru, to which he had been an eye-witness. This kingdom is the ancient patrimony of the Incas, who very imprudently quitted it to conquer another part of the world, and were at length conquered and destroyed themselves by the Spaniards.

Those princes of their family, who remained in their native country, acted more wisely. They ordained, with the consent of the whole nation, that none of the inhabitants of our little kingdom should ever quit it; and to this wise ordinance we owe the preservation of our innocence and happiness. The Spaniards had some confused notion of this country, to which they gave the name of El Dorado; and Sir Walter Raleigh, an Englishman, actually came very near it, about three hundred years ago: but the inaccessible rocks and precipices, with which our country is surrounded on all sides, has hitherto secured us from the rapacious fury of the people of Europe, who have an unaccountable fondness for the pebbles and dirt of our land, for the sake of which they would murder us all, to the very last man.

The conversation lasted some time, and turned chiefly on the form of government, their manners, their women, their public diversions, and the arts. At length, Candid, who had always had a taste for metaphysics, asked whether the people of that country had any religion?

The old man reddened a little at this question: Can you doubt it? said he; do you take us for wretches lost to all sense of gratitude? Cacambo asked in a respectful manner what was the established religion of El Dorado. The old man blushed again, and said, can there be two religions then? Ours, I apprehend, is the religion of the whole world; we worship God from morning till night. Do you worship but one God? said Cacambo, who still acted as the interpreter of Candid's doubts. Certainly, said the old man; there are not two, nor three, nor four Gods. I must confess the people of your world ask very extraordinary questions. However, Candid could not refrain from making many more enquiries of the old man; he wanted to know in what manner they prayed to God in El Dorado. We do not pray to him at all, said the reverend sage; we have nothing to ask of him, he has given us all we want, and we give him thanks incessantly. Candid had a curiosity to see some of their priests, and desired Cacambo to ask the old man where they were? At which he, smiling, said, My friends, we are all of us priests; the king, and all the heads of families, sing solemn hymns of thanksgiving every morning, accompanied by five or six thousand musicians. What! says Cacambo, have you no monks among you, to dispute, to govern, to intrigue, and to burn people who are not of the same opinion with themselves? Do you take us for fools? said the old man: here we are all of one opinion, and know not what you mean by your monks. During the whole of this discourse Candid was in raptures, and he said to himself, What a prodigious difference is there between this place and Westphalia, and this house and the baron's castle! Ah, Mr. Pangloss! had you ever seen El Dorado, you would no longer have maintained, that the castle of Thunder-ten-tronckh was the finest of all possible edifices: there is nothing like seeing the world, that is certain.

This long conversation being ended, the old man ordered six sheep to be harnessed, and put to the coach, and sent twelve of his servants to escort the travellers to court. Excuse me, said he, for not waiting on you in person; my age deprives me of that honour. The king will receive you in such a manner, that you will have no reason to complain, and doubtless you will make a proper allowance for the customs of the country, if they should not happen altogether to please you.

Candid and Cacambo got into the coach, the six sheep flew, and in less than a quarter of an hour, they arrived at the king's palace, which was situated at the farther end of the capitol. At the entrance was a portal two hundred and twenty feet high, and one hundred wide; but it is impossible for words to express the materials of which it was built. The reader, however, will readily conceive, they must have a prodigious superiority over the pebbles and sand, which we call gold and precious stones.

Twenty beautiful young virgins in waiting received Candid and Cacambo at their alighting from the coach, conducted them to the bath, and clad them in robes wove of the down of humming birds; after which they were introduced by the great officers of the crown of both sexes to the king's apartment, between two files of musicians, each file consisting of a thousand, agreeable to the custom of the country. When they drew near to the presence chamber, Cacambo asked one of the officers in what manner they were to pay their obeisance to his Majesty; whether it was the custom to fall upon their knees, or to prostrate themselves upon the ground? whether they were to put their hands upon their heads, or behind their backs? whether they were to lick the dust off the floor? in short, in short, what was the ceremony usual on such occasions? The custom, said the great officer, is to embrace the king, and kiss him on each cheek. Candid and Cacambo accordingly threw their arms around his Majesty's neck, who received them in the most gracious manner imaginable, and very politely asked them to sup with him.

While supper was preparing, orders were given to show them the city, where they saw public structures that reared their lofty heads to the clouds; the market-places decorated with a thousand columns; fountains of spring-water, besides others of rose-water, and of liquors drawn from the sugar-cane, incessantly flowing in the great squares; which were paved with a kind of precious stones, that emitted an odour like that of cloves and cinnamon. Candid asked to see the high court of justice, the parliament; but was answered, that they have none in that country, being utter strangers to law-suits. He then enquired, if they had any prisons; they replied, none. But what gave him at once the greatest surprise and pleasure was, the palace of sciences, where he saw a gallery two thousand feet long, filled with the various apparatus in mathematics and natural philosophy.

After having spent the whole afternoon in seeing only about the thousandth part of the city, they were brought back to the king's palace. Candid sat down at the table with his Majesty, his valet Cacambo, and several ladies of the court. Never was entertainment more elegant, nor could any one possibly show more wit than his Majesty displayed while they were at supper. Cacambo explained all the king's bon mots to Candid, and although they were translated, they still appeared to be bon mots. Of all the things that surprised Candid, this was not the least. They spent a whole month in this hospitable place, during which time, Candid was continually saying to Cacambo, I own, my friend, once more, that the castle where I was born is a mere nothing, in comparison of the place where we now are; but still Miss Cunegund is not here, and you yourself have doubtless some fair one for whom you sigh in Europe. If we remain here, we shall only be as others are; whereas if we return to our own world with only a dozen of El Dorado sheep, loaded with the pebbles of this country, we shall be richer than all the kings in Europe; we shall no longer need to stand in awe of the inquisitors; and we may easily recover Miss Cunegund.

This speech was perfectly agreeable to Cacambo. A fondness for roving, for making a figure in their own country, and for boasting of what they had seen in their travels, was so prevalent in our two wanderers, that they resolved to be no longer happy; and demanded permission of the king to quit the country.

You are about to do a rash and silly action, said the king; I am sensible my kingdom is an inconsiderable spot; but when people are tolerably at their ease in any place, I should think it would be their interest to remain there. Most assuredly, I have no right to detain you or any strangers against your wills; this is an act of tyranny to which our manners and our laws are equally repugnant: all men are by nature free; you have therefore an undoubted liberty to depart whenever you please. but you will have many and great difficulties to encounter in passing the frontiers. It is impossible to ascend that rapid river which runs under high and vaulted rocks, and by which you were conveyed hither by a kind of miracle. The mountains by which my kingdom is hemmed in on all sides, are ten thousand feet high, and perfectly perpendicular; they are above ten leagues over each, and the descent from them is one continued precipice. However, since you are determined to leave us, I will immediately give orders to the superintendant of my carriages to cause one to be made that will convey you very safe. When they have conducted you to the back of the mountains, no body can attend you farther; for my subjects have made a vow never to quit the kingdom, and they are too prudent to break it. Ask me whatever else you please. All we ask of your Majesty, said Cacambo, is only a few sheep laden with provisions, pebbles, and the clay of your country. The king smiled at the request, and said, I cannot imagine what pleasure you Europeans find in our yellow clay; but take away as much of it as you will, and much good may it do you.

He immediately gave orders to his engineers to make a machine to hoist these two extraordinary men out of the kingdom. Three thousand good mathematicians went to work, and finished it in about fifteen days; and it did not

cost more than twenty millions sterling of that country's money. Candid and Cacambo were placed on this machine, and they took with them two large red sheep, bridled and saddled, to ride upon when they got on the other side of the mountains: twenty others to serve as sumpters for carrying provisions; thirty laden with presents of whatever was most curious in the country; and fifty with gold, diamonds, and other precious stones. The king, at parting with our two adventurers, embraced them with the greatest cordiality.

It was a curious sight to behold the manner of their setting off, and the ingenious method by which they and their sheep were hoisted to the top of the mountains. The mathematicians and engineers took leave of them as soon as they had conveyed them to a place of safety, and Candid was wholly occupied with the thoughts of presenting his sheep to Miss Cunegund. Now, says he, thanks to heaven, we have more than sufficient to pay the governor of Buenos Ayres for Miss Cunegund, if she is redeemable. Let us make the best of our way to Cayenne, where we will take shipping, and then we may at leisure think of what kingdom we shall purchase with our riches.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### *What happened to them at Surinam, and how Candid came acquainted with Martin.*

Our travellers first day's journey was very pleasant; they were elated with the prospect of possessing more riches than were to be found in Europe, Asia, and Africa, together. Candid, in amorous transports, cut the name of Miss Cunegund on almost every tree he came to. The second day, two of their sheep sunk in a morass, and were swallowed up with their lading; two more died of fatigue; some few days afterwards, seven or eight perished with hunger in a desart, and others, at different times, tumbled down precipices, or were otherwise lost; so that, after

travelling about an hundred days, they had only two sheep left of the hundred and two they brought with them from El Dorado. Said Candid to Cacambo, You see, my dear friend, how perishable the riches of this world are; there is nothing solid but virtue. Very true, said Cacambo; but we have still two sheep remaining, with more treasure than ever the king of Spain will be possessed of; and I espy a town at a distance, which I take to be Surinam, a town belonging to the Dutch. We are now at the head of our troubles, and at the beginning of happiness.

As they drew near the town, they saw a negro stretched on the ground with only one half of his habit, which was a kind of linen frock; for the poor man had lost his left leg, and his right hand. Good God, said Candid in Dutch, what dost thou here, friend, in this deplorable condition? I am waiting for my master Mynheer Vanderdendur, the famous trader, answered the negro. Was it Mynheer Vanderdendur that used you in this cruel manner? Yes, Sir, said the negro; it is the custom here. They give a linen garment twice a year, and that is all our covering. When we labour in the sugar-works, and the mill happens to snatch hold of a finger, they instantly chop off our hand; and when we attempt to run away, they cut off a leg. Both these cases have happened to me, and it is at this expense that you eat sugar in Europe; and yet when my mother sold me for ten pattacoons on the coast of Guinea, she said to me, My dear child, bless our fetiches; adore them for ever; they will make thee live happy; thou hast the honour to be a slave to our lords the whites, by which thou wilt make the fortune of us thy parents. Alas! I know not whether I have made their fortunes; but they have not made mine: dogs, monkeys, and parrots, are a thousand times less wretched than me. The Dutch fetiches who converted me, tell me every Sunday, that the blacks and whites are all children of one father, whom they call Adam. As for me, I do not understand any thing of genealogies; but if what these preachers say is true, we are all second cousins, and you must allow, that it is impossible to be worse treated by our relations than we are.

O Pangloss! cried out Candid, such horrid doings never entered thy imagination. Here is an end of the matter; I find myself, after all, obliged to renounce thy optimism. Optimism! said Cacambo, what is that? Alas! replied Candid, it is the obstinacy of maintaining that every thing is best when it is worst: and so saying, he turned his eyes towards the poor negro, and shed a flood of tears; and in this weeping mood he entered the town of Surinam.

Immediately upon their arrival, our travellers enquired if there was any vessel in the harbour which they might send to Buenos Ayres. The person they addressed themselves to happened to be the master of a Spanish bark, who offered to agree with them on moderate terms, and appointed them a meeting at a public house. Thither Candid and his faithful Cacambo went to wait for him, taking with them their two sheep.

Candid, who was all frankness and sincerity, made an ingenious recital of his adventures to the Spaniard, declaring to him at the same time his resolution of carrying off Miss Cunegund from the governor of Buenos Ayres. O ho! said the ship master, if that is the case, get whom you please to carry you to Buenos Ayres; for my part, I wash my hands of the affair: it would prove a hanging matter to us all—the fair Cunegund is the governor's favourite mistress. These words were like a clap of thunder to Candid; he wept bitterly for a long time, and, taking Cacambo aside, he says to him, I'll tell you, my dear friend, what you must do. We have each of us in our pockets to the value of five or six millions in diamonds; you are cleverer at these matters than I; you must go to Buenos Ayres, and bring off Miss Cunegund. If the governor makes any difficulty, give him a million: if he holds out, give him two: as you have not killed an inquisitor, they will have no suspicion of you; I will fit out another ship, and go to Venice, where I will wait for you: Venice is a free country, where we shall have nothing to fear from Bulgarians, Abares, Jews, or inquisitors. Cacambo greatly applauded this wise resolution. He was inconsolable at the thoughts of parting with so good a master, who treated him more like an intimate friend than a servant; but the

pleasure of being able to do him a service, soon got the better of his sorrow. They embraced each other with a flood of tears. Candid charged him not to forget the old woman! Cacambo set out the same day. This Cacambo was a very honest fellow.

Candid continued some days longer at Surinam, waiting for a captain to carry him and his two remaining sheep to Italy. He hired domestics, and purchased many things necessary for a long voyage; at length, Mynheer Vanderdendur, skipper of a large Dutch vessel, came and offered his service. What will you have, said Candid, to carry me, my servants, my baggage, and these two sheep you see here, directly to Venice? The skipper asked ten thousand piastres; and Candid agreed to his demand without hesitation.

Ho, ho! said the cunning Vanderdendur to himself, this stranger must be very rich; he agrees to give me ten thousand piastres without hesitation. Returning a little while after, he tells Candid, that upon second consideration he could not undertake the voyage for less than twenty thousand. Very well, you shall have them, said Candid.

Zounds! said the skipper to himself, this man agrees to pay twenty thousand piastres with as much ease as ten. Accordingly he goes back again, and tells him roundly that he will not carry him to Venice for less than thirty thousand piastres. Then you shall have thirty thousand, says Candid. Odso! said the Dutchman once more to himself, thirty thousand piastres seem a trifle to this man. Those sheep must certainly be laden with an immense treasure. I will even stop here, and ask no more; but make him pay down the thirty thousand piastres, and then we may see what is to be done further. Candid sold two small diamonds, the least of which was worth more than all the skipper asked. He paid him before hand, the two sheep were put on board, and Candid followed in a small boat to join the vessel in the road. The shipper takes his opportunity, hoists his sails, and puts out to sea with a favourable wind. Candid, confounded and amazed, soon lost sight of the ship. Alas! said he, this is a trick like those in our old world! He returns back to the shore overwhelmed with grief; and, in-

deed, he had lost what would have been the fortune of twenty monarchs.

Immediately upon his landing, he applied to the Dutch magistrate; being transported with passion, he thunders at the door, which being opened, he goes in, tells his case, and talks a little louder than was necessary. The magistrate began with fining him ten thousand piastres for his petulance, and then listened very patiently to what he had to say, promised to examine into the affair at the skipper's return, and ordered him to pay ten thousand piastres more for the fees of the court.

This treatment put Candid out of all patience: it is true, he had suffered misfortunes a thousand times more grievous; but the cool insolence of the judge, and the villainy of the skipper, raised his choler, and threw him into a deep melancholy. The villainy of mankind presented itself to his mind in all its deformity, and his soul was a prey to the most gloomy ideas. After some time, hearing that the captain of a French ship was ready to set sail for Bourdeaux, as he had no more sheep loaded with diamonds to put on board, he hired the cabin at the usual price; and made it known in the town that he would pay the passage and board of any honest man who would give him his company during the voyage; besides making him a present of ten thousand piastres, on condition that such person was the most dissatisfied with his condition, and the most unfortunate in the whole province.

Upon this, there appeared such a crowd of candidates, that a large fleet could not have contained them. Candid, willing to choose from among those who appeared most likely to answer his intention, selected twenty who seemed to him the most sociable, and who all pretended to merit the preference. He invited them to his inn, and promised to treat them with a supper, on condition that every man should bind himself by an oath to relate his own history; declaring at the same time, that he would make choice of that person who should appear to him the most deserving of compassion, and the most justly dissatisfied with his condition of life; and that he would make a present to the rest.

This extraordinary assembly continued sitting till four in the morning. Candid, while he was listening to their adventures, called to mind what the old woman had said to him in their voyage to Buenos Ayres, and the wager she had laid, that there was not a person on board the ship but had met with some great misfortune. Every story he heard put him in mind of Pangloss. My old master, said he, would be confoundedly put to it to demonstrate his favourite system. Would he were here! Certainly if every thing is for the best, it is in El Dorado, and not in the other parts of the world. At length he determined in favour of a poor scholar, who had laboured ten years for the booksellers at Amsterdam; being of opinion, that no employment cold be more detestable.

This scholar, who was in fact a very honest man, had been robbed by his wife, beaten by his son, and forsaken by his daughter, who had run away with a Portuguese. He had been likewise deprived of a small employment on which he subsisted, and he was persecuted by the clergy at Surinam, who took him for a Socinian. It must be acknowledged, that the other competitors were, at least, as wretched as he; but Candid was in hopes, that the company of a man of letters would relieve the tediousness of the voyage. All the other candidates complained that Candid had done them great injustice; but he stopped their mouths by a present of an hundred piastres to each.

## CHAPTER XX.

### *What befel Candid and Martin on their passage.*

The old philosopher, whose name was Martin, took shipping with Candid for Bourdeaux. They both had seen and suffered a great deal; and had the ship been to go from Surinam to Japan round the Cape of Good Hope, they could have found sufficient entertainment for each other during the whole voyage, in discoursing upon moral and natural evil.

Candid, however, had one advantage over Martin, he lived in the pleasing hopes of seeing Miss Cunegund once more; whereas the poor philosopher had nothing to hope for: besides, Candid had money and jewels, and notwithstanding he had lost an hundred red sheep, laden with the greatest treasure on the earth, and though he still smarted from the reflection of the Dutch skipper's knavery, yet when he considered what he had still left, and repeated the name of Cunegund, especially after meal times, he inclined to Pangloss's doctrine.

And pray, said he to Martin, what is your opinion of the whole of this system? what notion have you of moral and natural evil? Sir, replied Martin, our priest accused me of being a Socinian; but the real truth is, I am a Manichæan. Nay, now you are jesting, said Candid; there are no Manichæans existing at present in the world. And yet I am one said, Martin; but I cannot help it; I cannot for the soul of me think otherwise. Surely the devil must be in you, said Candid. He concerns himself so much, replied Martin, in the affairs of this world, that it is very probable he may be in me as well as every where else; but I must confess, when I cast my eye on this globe, or rather on this globule, I cannot help thinking, that God has abandoned it to some malignant being. I always except El Dorado. I scarce ever knew a city that did not wish the destruction of its neighbouring city; nor a family that did not desire to exterminate some other family. The poor, in all parts of the world, bear an inveterate hatred to the rich, even while they creep and cringe to them; and the rich treat the poor like sheep, whose wool and flesh they barter for money: a million of regimented assassins traverse Europe from one end to the other, to get their bread by regular depredation and murder, because it is the most gentleman-like profession. Even in those cities which seem to enjoy the blessings of peace, and where the arts flourish, the inhabitants are devoured with envy, care, and inquietudes, which are greater plagues than any experienced in a town besieged. Private chagrins are still more dreadful than public calamities. In a word, concluded the

philosopher, I have seen and suffered so much, that I am a Manichæan.

And yet there is some good in the world, replied Candid. May be so, said Martin, but it has escaped my knowledge. While they were deeply engaged in this dispute, they heard the report of a cannon, which redoubled every moment. Each takes out his glass, and they espy two ships warmly engaged at the distance of about three miles. The wind brought them both so near the French ship, that those on board her had the pleasure of seeing the fight with great ease. After several smart broadsides, the one gave the other a shot between wind and water, which sunk her outright. Then could Candid and Martin plainly perceive an hundred men on the deck of the vessel which was sinking, who, with hands uplifted to heaven, sent forth piercing cries, and were in a moment swallowed up by the waves.

Well, said Martin, you now see in what manner mankind treat each other. It is certain, said Candid, that there is something diabolical in this affair. As he was speaking thus, he spied something of a shining red hue, which swam close to the vessel. The boat was hoisted out to see what it might be, when it proved to be one of his sheep. Candid felt more joy at the recovery of this one animal than he did grief, when he lost the other hundred, though laden with the large diamonds of El Dorado.

The French captain quickly perceived that the victorious ship belonged to the crown of Spain; that the other was a Dutch pirate, and the very same captain who had robbed Candid. The immense riches which this villain had amassed were buried with him in the deep, and only this one sheep saved out of the whole. You see, said Candid to Martin, that vice is sometimes punished; this villain, the Dutch skipper, has met with the fate he deserved. Very true, said Martin; but why should the passengers be doomed also to destruction? God has punished the knave, and the devil has drowned the rest.

The French and Spanish ships continue their cruise, and Candid and Martin their conversation. They disputed fourteen days successively, at the end of which they were just as

far advanced as the first moment they began. However, they had the satisfaction of disputing, of communicating their ideas, and of mutually comforting each other. Candid embraced his sheep with transport: since I have found thee again, said he, I may possibly find my Cunegund once more.

## CHAPTER XXI.

*Candid and Martin, while thus reasoning with each other, draw near to the coast of France.*

At length they descried the coast of France, when Candid said to Martin, Pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in France? Yes, Sir, said Martin, I have been in several provinces of that kingdom. In some, one half of the people are fools and madmen; in some, they are too artful; in others, again, they are in general either very good-natured, or very brutal; while in others, they affect to be witty, and in all, their ruling passion is love, the next is slander, and the last is to talk nonsense. But pray, Mr. Martin, was you ever in Paris? Yes, Sir, I have been in that city, and it is a place that contains the several species just described; it is a chaos, a confused multitude, where every one seeks for pleasure, without being able to find it; at least, as far as I have observed during my short stay in that city. At my arrival, I was robbed of all I had in the world by pickpockets and sharpers, at the fair of St. Germain. I was taken up myself for a robber, and confined in prison a whole week; after which I hired myself as corrector to a press, in order to get a little money toward defraying my expenses back to Holland on foot. I knew the whole tribe of scribblers, malcontents, and fanatics. It is said the people of that city are very polite; I believe they may.

For my part, I have no curiosity to see France, said Candid; you may easily conceive, my friend, that, after spending a month at El Dorado, I can desire to behold nothing upon earth but Miss Cunegund; I am going to wait for her at Venice; I intend to pass through France, in my way to

Italy; will you not bear me company? With all my heart, said Martin: they say Venice is agreeable to none but noble Venetians; but that, nevertheless, strangers are well received there, when they have plenty of money; now I have none, but you have, therefore I will attend you whither you please. Now we are upon this subject, said Candid, do you think that the earth was originally sea, as we read in that great book which belongs to the captain of the ship? I believe nothing of it, replied Martin, any more than I do of the many other chimeras which have been related to us for some time past. But then, to what end, said Candid, was the world formed? To make us mad, said Martin. Are you not surprised, continued Candid, at the love which the two girls in the country of the Oreillons had for those two monkeys?—you know I have told you the story. Surprised! replied Martin, not in the least: I see nothing strange in this passion. I have seen so many extraordinary things, that there is nothing extraordinary to me now. Do you think, said Candid, that mankind always massacred each other as they do now? were they always guilty of lies, fraud, treachery, ingratitude, inconstancy, envy, ambition, and cruelty? Were they always thieves, fools, cowards, gluttons, drunkards, misers, calumniators, debauchees, fanatics, and hypocrites? Do you believe, said Martin, that hawks have always been accustomed to eat pigeons when they came in their way? Doubtless, said Candid. Well then, replied Martin, if hawks have always had the same nature, why should you pretend that mankind change theirs? Oh! said Candid, there is a great deal of difference, for free will—and reasoning thus, they arrive at Bourdeaux.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### *What happened to Candid and Martin in France.*

Candid staid no longer at Bourdeaux than was necessary to dispose of a few of the pebbles he had brought from El Dorado, and to provide himself with a post-chaise for two

persons, for he could no longer stir a step without his philosopher Martin. The only thing that gave him concern, was the being obliged to leave his sheep behind him, which he entrusted to the care of the academy of sciences at Bourdeaux, who proposed, as a prize-subject for the year, to prove why the wool of this sheep was red; and the prize was adjudged to a northern sage, who demonstrated by A plus B, minus C, divided by Z, that the sheep must necessarily be red, and die of the mange.

In the mean time, all the travellers whom Candid met with at the inns, or on the road, told him to a man, that they were going to Paris. This general eagerness gave him likewise a great desire to see this capital, and it was not much out of his way to Venice. He entered the city by the suburbs of St. Marceau, and thought himself in one of the vilest hamlets in all Westphalia.

Candid had not been long at his inn, before he was seized with a slight disorder, owing to the fatigue he had undergone. As he wore a diamond of an enormous size on his finger, and had, among the rest of his equipage, a strong box that seemed very weighty, he soon found himself between two physicians, whom he had not sent for, a number of intimate friends whom he had never seen, and who would not quit his bed side, and two female devotees, who were very careful in providing him hot suppings.

I remember, said Martin to him, that the first time I came to Paris I was likewise taken ill; I was very poor, and, accordingly, I had neither friends, nurses, nor physicians, and yet I did very well.

However, by dint of purging and bleeding, Candid's disorder became very serious. The priest of the parish came with all imaginable politeness to desire a note of him, payable to the bearer in the other world. Candid refused to comply with his request; but the two devotees assured him that it was a new fashion. Candid replied, that he was not one that followed the fashion. Martin was for throwing the priest out of the window. The clerk swore Candid should not have Christian burial. Martin swore, in his turn, that

he would bury the clerk alive, if he continued to plague them any longer. The dispute grew warm; Martin took him by the shoulders, and turned him out of the room, which gave great scandal, and occasioned a verbal process.

Candid recovered; and, till he was in a condition to go abroad, had a great deal of very good company to pass the evenings with him in his chamber. They played deep. Candid was surprised to find he could never turn a trick; and Martin was not at all surprised at the matter.

Among those who did him the honours of the place, was a little spruce Abbe of Perigord one of those insinuating, busy, fawning, impudent, necessary fellows, that lay wait for strangers at their arrival, tell them all the scandal of the town, and offer to minister to their pleasures at various prices. This man conducted Candid and Martin to the playhouse: they were acting a new tragedy. Candid found himself placed near a cluster of wits: this, however, did not prevent him from shedding tears at some parts of the piece which were most affecting, and best acted. One of these talkers said to him between the acts, you are greatly to blame to shed tears; that actress plays horribly, and the man that plays with her still worse, and the piece itself is still more execrable than the representation. The author does not understand a word of Arabic, and yet he has laid his scene in Arabia; and what is more, he is a fellow who does not believe in innate ideas. To-morrow I will bring you a score of pamphlets that have been wrote against him. Pray, Sir, said Candid to the Abbe, how many theatrical pieces have you in France? Five or six thousand, replied the other. Indeed! that is a great number, said Candid: but how many good ones may there be? About fifteen or sixteen. Oh! that is a great number, said Martin.

Candid was greatly taken with an actress, who performed the part of Queen Elizabeth in a dull kind of tragedy that is played sometimes. That actress, said he to Martin, pleases me greatly; she has some sort of resemblance to Miss Cunegund. I should be very glad to pay my respects to her. The Abbe of Perigord offered his service to introduce him to her at her own house. Candid, who was

brought up in Germany, desired to know what might be the ceremonial used on those occasions, and how a queen of England was treated in France. There is a necessary distinction to be observed in these matters, said the Abbe. In a country town we take them to a tavern; here in Paris, they are treated with great respect during their lifetime, provided they are handsome, and when they die, we throw their bodies upon a dunghill. How, said Candid, throw a queen's body upon a dunghill! The gentleman is quite right, said Martin; he tells you nothing but the truth. I happened to be at Paris when Miss Monimia made her exit, as one may say, out of this world into another. She was refused what they call here the rights of sepulture; that is to say, she was denied the privilege of rotting in a church-yard, by the side of all the beggars in the parish. They buried her at the corner of Burgundy-street, which must certainly have shocked her extremely, as she had very exalted notions of things. This is acting very unpolitely, said Candid. Lord! said Martin, what can be said to it? it is the way of these people. Figure to yourself all the contradictions, all the inconsistencies possible, and you may meet with them in the government, the courts of justice, the churches, and the public spectacles of this odd nation. Is it true, said Candid, that the people of Paris are always laughing? Yes, replied the Abbe, but it is with anger in their hearts; they express all their complaints by loud bursts of laughter, and commit the most detestable crimes with a smile on their faces.

Who was that great overgrown beast, said Candid, who spoke so ill to me of the piece with which I was so much affected? and of the players who gave me so much pleasure? A very good-for-nothing sort of a man, I assure you, answered the Abbe, one who gets his livelihood by abusing every new book and play that is written or performed; he abominates to see any one meet with success, like eunuchs, who detest every one who possesses those powers they are deprived of; he is one of those vipers in literature who nourish themselves with their own venom; a pamphlet-monger. A pamphlet-monger! said

Candid, what is that? Why a pamphlet-monger, replied the Abbe, is a writer of pamphlets, a F———.

Candid, Martin, and the Abbe of Perigord, argued thus on the stair-case, while they stood to see people go out of the play-house. Though I am very earnest to see Miss Cunegund again, said Candid, yet I have a great inclination to sup with Miss Clairon, for I am really much taken with her.

The Abbe was not a person to show his face at this lady's house, which was frequented by none but the best company. She is engaged this evening, said he; but I will do myself the honor to introduce you to a lady of my acquaintance, at whose house you will see as much of the manners of Paris, as if you had lived here for forty years.

Candid, who was naturally curious, suffered himself to be conducted to this lady's house, which was in the suburbs of St. Honore. The company were engaged at basset; twelve melancholy punters held each in his hand a small pack of cards, the corners of which doubled down, were so many registers of their ill fortune. A profound silence reigned through the assembly, a pallid dread had taken possession of the countenances of the punters, and restless inquietude stretched every muscle of the face of him who kept the bank; and the lady of the house, who was seated next to him, observed with lynx's eyes every parole, and sept-le-va, as they were going, as likewise those who tallied, and made them undouble their cards with a severe exactness, though mixed with a politeness, which she thought necessary not to frighten away her customers. This lady assumed the title of Marchioness of Parolignac. Her daughter, a girl of about fifteen years of age, was one of the punters, and took care to give her mamma an item, by signs, when any one them attempted to repair the rigour of their ill fortune by a little innocent deception. The company were thus occupied, when Candid, Martin, and the Abbe, made their entrance: not a creature rose to salute them, or indeed took the least notice of them, being wholly intent upon the business in hand. Ah! said Candid, my lady baroness of Thunder-ten-tronckh, would have behaved more civilly.

However, the Abbe whispered the marchioness in the ear, who half raising herself from her seat, honored Candid with a gracious smile, and gave Martin a nod of her head, with an air of inexpressible dignity. She then ordered a seat for Candid, and desired him to make one at their party of play: he did so, and in a few deals lost near a thousand pieces; after which they supped very elegantly, and every one was surprised at seeing Candid lose so much money, without appearing to be the least disturbed at it. The servants in waiting said to each other, this is certainly some English lord.

The supper was like most others of this kind at Paris. At first every one was silent; then followed a few confused murmurs, and afterwards several insipid jokes passed and repassed, with false reports, false reasonings, a little politics, and a great deal of scandal. The conversation then turned upon the new productions in literature. Pray, said the Abbe, good folks, have you seen the romance written by the Sieur Gauchat, doctor of divinity? Yes, answered one of the company, but I had not patience to go through it. The town is pestered with a swarm of impertinent productions, but this of Dr. Gauchat's outdoes them all. In short, I was so cursedly tired of reading his vile stuff, that I even resolved to come here, and make a party at basset. But what say you to the Archdeacon T————'s Miscellaneous Collection? said the Abbe. Oh my God! cried the Marchioness of Parolignac, never mention the tedious creature! only think what pains he is at to tell one thing that all the world knows, and how he labours an argument that is hardly worth the slightest consideration! how absurdly he makes use of other people's wit! how miserably he mangles what he has pilfered from them! The man makes me quite sick! A few pages of the good archdeacon are enough in conscience to satisfy any one.

There was at the table a person of learning and taste, who supported what the marchioness had advanced. They next began to talk of tragedies. The lady desired to know, how it came about that there were several tragedies, which

still continued to be played, though they would not bear reading? The man of taste explained very clearly, how a piece may be in some manner interesting, without having a grain of merit: he showed, in a few words, that it is not sufficient to throw together a few incidents that are to be met with in every romance, and that dazzle the spectator; the thoughts should be new, without being far-fetched; frequently sublime, but always natural: the author should have a thorough knowledge of the human heart, and make it speak properly; he should be a complete poet, without showing an affectation of it in any of the characters of his piece; he should be a perfect master of his language, speak it with all its purity, and with the utmost harmony, and yet so as not to make the sense a slave to the rhyme. Whoever, added he, neglects any one of these rules, though he may write two or three tragedies with tolerable success, will never be reckoned in the number of good authors. There are very few good tragedies; some are idylliums, in well-written and harmonious dialogue; and others a chain of political reasonings that set one asleep, or else pompous and high-flown amplifications, that disgust rather than please. Others again are the ravings of a madman, in an uncouth style, unmeaning flights, or long apostrophes to the deities, for want of knowing how to address mankind; in a word, a collection of false maxims and dull commonplace.

Candid listened to this discourse with great attention, and conceived an high opinion of the person who delivered it; and as the marchioness had taken care to place him near her side, he took the liberty to whisper her softly in the ear, and ask who this person was that spoke so well? He is a man of letters, replied her ladyship, who never plays, and whom the Abbe brings with him to my house sometimes to spend an evening. He is a great judge of writing, especially in tragedy: he has composed one himself, which was damned, and has written a book that was never seen out of his bookseller's shop, excepting only one copy which he sent with a dedication, to which he had prefixed my name. Oh! the great man, cried Candid, he is a second Pangloss.

Then turning towards him, Sir, said he, you are doubtless of opinion that every thing is for the best in the physical and moral world, and that nothing could be otherwise than it is? I, Sir, ! replied the man of letters, I think no such thing, I assure you; I find that all this world is set the wrong end uppermost. No one knows what is his rank, his office, nor what he does, nor what he should do; and that, except our evenings, which we generally pass tolerably merrily, the rest of our time is spent in idle disputes and quarrels, Jansenists against Molinists, the parliament against the church, and one armed body of men against another; courtier against courtier, husband against wife, and relations against relations. In short, this world is nothing but one continued scene of civil war.

Yes, said Candid, and I have seen worse than all that; and yet a learned man who had the misfortune to be hanged, taught me that every thing was marvellously well, and that these evils you are speaking of were only so many shades in a beautiful picture. Your hempen sage, said Martin, laughed at you; these shades, as you call them, are most horrible blemishes. The men make these blemishes, rejoined Candid, and they cannot do otherwise. Then it is not their fault, added Martin. The greatest part of the gamesters, who did not understand a syllable of this discourse, amused themselves with drinking, while Martin reasoned with the learned gentleman; and Candid entertained the lady of the house with a part of his adventures.

After supper the marchioness conducted Candid into her dressing-room, and made him sit down under a canopy. Well, said she, are you still so violently fond of Miss Cunegund of Thunder-ten-tronckh? Yes, Madam, replied Candid. The marchioness says to him with a tender smile, you answer me like a young man born in Westphalia: a Frenchman would have said,—It is true, Madam, I had a great passion for Miss Cunegund; but since I have seen you, I fear I can no longer love her as I did. Alas! Madam, replied Candid, I will make you what answer you please. You fell in love with her, I find, in stooping to pick up her hand-

kerchief which she had dropped; you shall pick up my garter. With all my heart, madam, said Candid, and he picked it up. But you must tie it on again, said the lady. Candid tied it on again. Look ye, young man, said the marchioness, you are a stranger, I make some of my lovers here in Paris languish for me a whole fortnight; but I surrender to you the first night, because I am willing to do the honours of my country to a young Westphalian. The fair one having cast her eye on two very large diamonds that were upon the young stranger's finger, praised them in so earnest a manner, that they were in an instant transferred from his finger to hers.

As Candid was going home with the Abbe, he felt some qualms of conscience, for having been guilty of infidelity to Miss Cunegund. The Abbe took part with him in his uneasiness; he had but an inconsiderable share in the thousand pieces Candid had lost at play, and the two diamonds which had been in a manner extorted from him, and therefore very prudently designed to make the most he could of the new acquaintance which chance had thrown in his way. He talked much of Miss Cunegund; and Candid assured him, that he would heartily ask pardon of that fair one for his infidelity to her, when he saw her at Venice.

The Abbe redoubled his civilities, and seemed to interest himself warmly in every thing that Candid said, did, or seemed inclined to do. And so, Sir, you have an engagement at Venice? Yes, Monsieur l'Abbe, answered Candid, I must absolutely wait upon Miss Cunegund: and then the pleasure he took in talking about the object he loved, led him insensibly to relate, according to custom, part of his adventures with that illustrious Westphalian beauty.

I fancy, said the Abbe, Miss Cunegund has a great deal of wit, and that her letters must be very entertaining. I never received any from her, said Candid; for you are to consider, that being expelled the castle upon her account, I could not write to her, especially as soon after my departure I heard she was dead; but, thank God, I found afterwards she was living. I left her again after this, and now I have

hence, and wait here for his return with an answer from her.

The artful Abbe let not a word of all this escape him, though he seemed to be musing upon something else. He soon took his leave of the two adventurers, after having embraced them with the greatest cordiality. The next morning, almost as soon as his eyes were open, Candid received the following billet:

"My dearest lover,—I have been ill in this city these eight days. I have heard of your arrival, and should fly to your arms, were I able to stir. I was informed of your being on the way hither to Bourdeaux, where I left the faithful Cacambo, and the old woman, who will soon follow me. The governor of Buenos Ayres has taken every thing from me but your heart, which I still retain. Come to me immediately on the receipt of this. Your presence will either give me new life, or kill me with the pleasure."

At the receipt of this charming, this unexpected letter, Candid felt the utmost transports of joy; though, on the other hand, the indisposition of his beloved Miss Cunegund overwhelmed him with grief. Distracted between these two passions, he takes his gold and his diamonds, and procured a person to conduct him and Martin to the house where Miss Cunegund lodged. Upon entering the room, he felt his limbs tremble, his heart flutter, his tongue falter: he attempted to undraw the curtain, and called for a light to the bedside. Lord, Sir, cried a maid servant, who was waiting in the room, take care what you do, Miss cannot bear the least light: and so saying, she pulls the curtain close again. Cunegund! my dear Cunegund! cried Candid, bathed in tears, how do you do? If you cannot bear the light, speak to me at least. Alas! she cannot speak, said the maid. The sick lady then puts a plump hand out of the bed, and Candid first bathes it with his tears, then fills it with diamonds, leaving a purse of gold upon the easy chair.

In the midst of his transports comes an officer into the room, followed by the Abbe, and a file of musqueteers. There, said he, are the two suspected foreigners; at the same time, he orders them to be seized, and carried to prison.

Travellers are not treated in this manner in the country of El Dorado, said Candid. I am more of a Manichæan now than ever, said Martin. But pray, good Sir, where are you going to carry us? said Candid. To a dungeon, my dear Sir, replied the officer.

When Martin had a little recovered himself, so as to form a cool judgment of what had passed, he plainly perceived, that the person who had acted the part of Miss Cunegund was a cheat; that the Abbé of Perigord was a sharper, who had imposed upon the honest simplicity of Candid, and that the officer was a knave, whom they might easily get rid of.

Candid, following the advice of his friend Martin, and burning with impatience to see the real Miss Cunegund, rather than be obliged to appear at a court of justice, proposes to the officer to make him a present of three small diamonds, each of them worth three thousand pistoles. Ah, Sir! said this unstrapper of justice, had you committed ever so much villainy, this would render you the honestest man living, in my eyes. Three diamonds, worth three thousand pistoles! why, my dear Sir, so far from carrying you to jail, I would lose my life to serve you. There are orders for stopping all strangers; but leave it to me; I have a brother at Dieppe, in Normandy; I myself will conduct you thither, and if you have a diamond left to give him, he will take as much care of you as I myself should.

But why, said Candid, do they stop all strangers? The Abbé of Perigord made answer, That it was because a poor devil of the country of Atrebata heard somebody tell foolish stories, and this induced him to commit a parricide; not such a one as that in the month of May 1610, but such as that in the month of December, in the year 1594, and such as many that have been perpetrated in other months and years, by other poor devils, who had heard foolish stories.

The officer then explained to them what the Abbé meant. Horrid monsters, exclaimed Randid, is it possible that such scenes should pass among a people who were perpetually singing and dancing! Is there no flying this abominable

kies provoke tigers? I have seen bears in my country, but men I have beheld no where but in El Dorado. In the name of God, Sir, said he to the officer, do me the kindness to conduct me to Venice, where I am to wait for Miss Cunegund. Really, Sir, replied the officer, I cannot possibly wait on you farther than Normandy. So saying, he ordered Candid's irons to be struck off, acknowledged himself mistaken, and sent his followers about their business, after which he conducted Candid and Martin to Dieppe, and left them to the care of his brother. There happened just then to be a small Dutch ship in the road. The Norman, whom the other three diamonds had converted into the most obliging, serviceable being, that ever breathed, took care to see Candid and his attendants safe on board the vessel, that was just ready to sail for Portsmouth in England. This was not the nearest way to Venice indeed; but Candid thought himself escaped out of hell, and did not in the least doubt but he should quickly find an opportunity of resuming his voyage to Venice.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

*Candid and Martin touch upon the English coast; what they see there.*

Ah, Pangloss! Pangloss! ah, Martin! Martin! ah my dear Miss Cunegund! what sort of a world is this? Thus exclaimed Candid, as soon as he had got on board the Dutch ship. Why, something very foolish, and very abominable, said Martin. You are acquainted with England, said Candid; are they as great fools in that country as in France? Yes, but in a different manner, answered Martin. You know that these two nations are at war about a few acres of barren land in the neighbourhood of Canada, and that they have expended much greater sums in the contest than all Canada is worth. To say exactly whether there are a greater number fit to be inhabitants of a madhouse in the one country than the other, exceeds the limits

of my imperfect capacity; I know in general, that the people we are going to visit, are of a very dark and gloomy disposition.

As they were chatting thus together, they arrived at Portsmouth. The shore, on each side the harbour, was lined with a multitude of people, whose eyes were steadfastly fixed on a lusty man, who was kneeling down on the deck of one of the men of war, with something tied before his eyes. Opposite to this personage stood four soldiers, each of whom shot three bullets into his skull, with all the composure imaginable; and when it was done, the whole company went away perfectly well satisfied. What the devil is all this for? said Candid; and what demon, or foe to mankind, lords it thus tyranically over the world? He then asked, who was that lusty man who had been sent out of the world with so much ceremony? when he received for answer, that it was an admiral. And, pray, why do you put your admiral to death? Because he did not put a sufficient number of his fellow-creatures to death. You must know, he had an engagement with a French admiral, and it has been proved against him, that he was not near enough to his antagonist. But, replied Candid, the French admiral must have been as far from him. There is no doubt of that; but in this country it is found requisite, now and then, to put one admiral to death, in order to spirit up the others to fight.

Candid was so shocked at what he saw and heard, that he would not set foot on shore, but made a bargain with the Dutch skipper (were he even to rob him like the captain of Surinam) to carry him directly to Venice

The skipper was ready in two days. They sailed along the coast of France, and passed within sight of Lisbon, at which Candid trembled. From thence they proceeded to the Straights, entered the Mediterranean, and at length arrived at Venice. God be praised, said Candid, embracing Martin, this is the place where I am to behold my beloved Cunegund once again. I can confide in Cacambo, like another self. All is well, all very well, all as well as possible.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### *Of Pacquette and Friar Giroflee.*

Upon their arrival at Venice, he went in search of Cacambo at every inn and coffee-house, and among all the ladies of pleasure; but could hear nothing of him. He sent every day to enquire what ships were come in, still no news of Cacambo. It is strange! said he to Martin, very strange! that I should have had time to sail from Surinam to Bourdeaux; to travel from thence to Paris, to Dieppe, to Portsmouth; to sail along the coast of Portugal and Spain, and up the Mediterranean, to spend some months at Venice; and that my lovely Cunegund should not be arrived. Instead of her, I only met with a Parisian impostor, and a rascally Abbé of Perigord. Cunegund is actually dead, and I have nothing to do but to follow her. Alas! how much better would it have been for me to have remained in the paradise of El Dorado, than to have returned to this cursed Europe! You are in the right, my dear Martin; you are certainly in the right; all is misery and deceit

He fell into a deep melancholy, and neither went to the opera in vogue, nor partook of any of the diversions of the Carnival; nay, he even slighted the fair sex. Martin said to him, Upon my word, I think you are very simple to imagine, that a rascally valet, with five or six millions in his pocket, would go in search of your mistress to the further end of the world, and bring her to Venice to meet you. If he finds her, he will take her for himself; if he does not, he will take another. Let me advise you to forget your valet Cacambo, and your mistress Cunegund. Martin's speech was not the most consolatory to the dejected Candid. His melancholy increased, and Martin never left proving to him, that there is very little virtue or happiness in this world; except, perhaps, in El Dorado, where hardly any body can gain admittance.

While they were disputing on this important subject, and still expecting Miss Cunegund, Candid perceived a young Theatin friar in St. Mark's Place, with a girl under his arm. The Theatin looked fresh-coloured, plump, and vigorous; his eyes sparkled; his air and gait were bold and lofty. The girl was very pretty, and was singing a song; and every now and then gave her Theatin an amorous ogle, and wantonly pinched his ruddy cheek. You will at least allow, said Candid to Martin, that these two are happy. Hitherto I have met with none but unfortunate people in the whole habitable globe, except in El Dorado; but, as to this couple, I would venture to lay a wager they are happy. Done, said Martin; they are not, for what you will. Well, we have only to ask them to dine with us, said Candid, and you will see whether I am mistaken or not.

Thereupon he accosts them, and with great politeness invites them to his inn to eat some macaroni, with Lombard partridges and caviare, and to drink a bottle of Montepulciano, Lacryma Christi, Cyprus and Samos wine. The girl blushed; the Theatin accepted the invitation, and she followed him, eyeing Candid every now and then with a mixture of surprise and confusion, while the tears stole down her cheeks. No sooner did she enter his apartment, than she cried out, How, Mr. Candid, have you quite forgot poor Pacquette? do you not know her again? Candid, who had not regarded her with any degree of attention before, being wholly occupied with the thoughts of his dear Cunegund, exclaimed, Ah! is it you, child? was it you that reduced Dr. Pangloss to that fine condition I saw him in?

Alas! Sir, answered Pacquette, it was I, indeed. I find you are acquainted with every thing; and I have been informed of all the misfortunes that happened to the whole family of my lady baroness and the fair Cunegund. But I can safely swear to you, that my lot was no less deplorable; I was innocence itself when you saw me last. A Cordelier, who was my confessor, easily seduced me; the consequences proved terrible. I was obliged to leave the castle some time after the baron kicked you out from thence; and if a

famous surgeon had not taken compassion on me, I had been a dead woman. Gratitude obliged me to live with him some time as a mistress: his wife, who was a very devil for jealousy, beat me unmercifully every day. Oh! she was a perfect fury. The doctor himself was the most ugly of all mortals, and I the most wretched creature existing, to be continually beaten for a man whom I did not love. You are sensible, Sir, how dangerous it was for an ill-natured woman to be married to a physician. Incensed at the behaviour of his wife, he one day gave her so affectionate a remedy for a slight cold she had caught, that she died in less than two hours, in most dreadful convulsions. Her relations prosecuted the husband, who was obliged to fly, and I was sent to prison. My innocence would not have saved me, if I had not been tolerably handsome. The judge gave me my liberty, on condition he should succeed the doctor. However, I was soon supplanted by a rival, turned off without a farthing, and obliged to continue the abominable trade which you men think so pleasing, but which, to us unhappy creatures, is the most dreadful of all sufferings. At length I came to follow the business at Venice. Ah! Sir, did you but know what it is to be obliged to lie with every fellow; with old tradesmen, with counsellors, with monks, watermen, and abbés; to be exposed to all their insolence and abuse; to be often necessitated to borrow a petticoat, only that it may be taken up by some disagreeable wretch; to be robbed by one gallant of what we get from another; to be subject to the extortions of civil magistrates; and to have for ever before one's eyes the prospect of old age, an hospital, or a dunghill, you would conclude that I am one of the most unhappy wretches breathing.

Thus did Pacquette unbosom herself to honest Candid in his closet, in the presence of Martin, who took occasion to say to him, You see I have half won the wager already.

Friar Giroflée was all this time in the parlour refreshing himself with a glass or two of wine, till dinner was ready.

But, said Candid to Pacquette, you looked so gay and content, when I met you, you sung and caressed the Theatin with so much fondness, that I absolutely thought you as happy as you say you are now miserable. Ah! dear Sir, said Pacquette, this is one of the miseries of the trade; yesterday I was stript and beaten by an officer! yet to-day I must appear good-humoured and gay to please a friar.

Candid was convinced, and acknowledged that Martin was in the right. They sat down to table with Pacquette and the Theatin; the entertainment was very agreeable, and towards the end they began to converse together with some freedom. Father, said Candid to the friar, you seem to me to enjoy a state of happiness that even kings might envy; joy and health are painted in your countenance. You have a tight pretty wench to divert you; and you seem to be perfectly well contented with your condition as a Theatin.

Faith, Sir, said Friar Giroflée, I wish with all my soul the Theatins were every one of them at the bottom of the sea. I have been tempted a thousand times to set fire to the convent, and go and turn Turk. My parents obliged me, at the age of fifteen, to put on this detestable habit, only to increase the fortune of an elder brother of mine, whom God confound! Jealousy, discord, and fury, reside in our convent. It is true, I have often preached paltry sermons, by which I have got a little money, part of which the prior robs me of, and the remainder helps to pay my girls; but, at night, when I go hence to my convent, I am ready to dash my brains against the walls of the dormitory; and this is the case with all the rest of our fraternity.

Martin, turning towards Candid, with his usual indifference, said, Well, what think you now? have I won the wager entirely? Candid gave two thousand piastres to Pacquette, and a thousand to Friar Giroflée, saying, I will answer that this will make them happy. I am not of your opinion, said Martin; perhaps this money will only make them wretched. Be that as it may, said Candid, one thing comforts me; I see that one often meets with those whom

we expected never to see again; so that, perhaps, as I have found my red sheep and Pacquette, I may be lucky enough to find Miss Cunegund also. I wish, said Martin, she one day may make you happy, but I doubt it much. You are very hard of belief, said Candid. It is because, said Martin, I have seen the world.

Observe those gondoliers, said Candid, are they not perpetually singing? You do not see them, answered Martin, at home with their wives and brats. The doge has his chagrin, gondoliers theirs. Nevertheless, in the main, I look upon the gondolier's life as preferable to that of the doge; but the difference is so trifling, that it is not worth the trouble of examining into.

I have heard great talk, said Candid, of the Senator Pococurante, who lives in that fine house at the Brenta, where, they say, he entertains foreigners in the most polite manner. They pretend this man is a perfect stranger to uneasiness. I should be glad to see so extraordinary a being, said Martin. Candid thereupon sent a messenger to Signor Pococurante, desiring permission to wait on him the next day.

## CHAPTER XXV.

*Candid and Martin pay a visit to Signor Pococurante, a noble Venetian.*

Candid and his friend Martin went in a gondola on the Brenta, and arrived at the palace of the noble Pococurante: the gardens were laid out in an elegant taste, and adorned with fine marble statues; his palace was built after the most approved rules in architecture. The master of the house, who was a man of sixty, and very rich, received our two travellers with great politeness, but without much ceremony, which somewhat disconcerted Candid, but was not at all displeasing to Martin.

As soon as they were seated, two very pretty girls, neatly dressed, brought in chocolate, which was extremely well

frothed. Candid could not help making encomiums upon their beauty and graceful carriage. The creatures are well enough, said the senator; I make them lie with me sometimes, for I am heartily tired of the women of the town, their coquetry, their jealousy, their quarrels, their humours, their meannesses, their pride, and their folly; I am weary of making sonnets, or of paying for sonnets to be made on them; but, after all, these two girls begin to grow very indifferent to me.

After having refreshed himself, Candid walked into a large gallery, where he was struck with the sight of a fine collection of paintings. Pray, said Candid, by what master are the two first of these? They are Raphael's, answered the senator. I gave a great deal of money for them seven years ago, purely out of curiosity, as they were said to be the finest pieces in Italy; but I cannot say they please me: the colouring is dark and heavy; the figures do not swell nor come out enough, and the drapery is very bad. In short, notwithstanding the encomiums lavished upon them, they are not, in my opinion, a true representation of nature. I approve of no paintings, but where I think I behold nature herself; and there are very few, if any, of that kind to be met with. I have what is called a fine collection, but I take no manner of delight in them.

While dinner was getting ready, Pococurante ordered a concert. Candid praised the music to the skies. This noise, said the noble Venetian, may amuse one for a little time, but if it was to last above half an hour, it would grow tiresome to every body, though perhaps no one would care to own it. Music is become the art of executing what is difficult; now, whatever is difficult, cannot be long pleasing.

I believe I might take more pleasure in an opera, if they had not made such a monster of that species of dramatic entertainment as perfectly shocks me; and I am amazed how people can bear to see wretched tragedies set to music, where the scenes are contrived for no other purpose than to lug in, as it were by the ears, three or four ridiculous songs, to give a favourite actress an opportunity of exhibiting her

pipe. Let who will, or can die away in raptures at the trills of an eunuch quavering the majestic part of Cæsar or Cato, and strutting in a foolish manner upon the stage; for my part, I have long ago renounced these paltry entertainments, which constitute the glory of modern Italy, and are so dearly purchased by crowned heads. Candid opposed these sentiments; but he did it in a discreet manner; as for Martin, he was entirely of the old senator's opinion.

Dinner being served up they sat down to table, and, after a very hearty repast, returned to the library. Candid observing Homer richly bound, commended the noble Venetian's taste. This, said he, is a book that was once the delight of the great Pangloss, the best philosopher in Germany. Homer is no favourite of mine, answered Pococurante, very coolly: I was made to believe once that I took a pleasure in reading him; but his continual repetitions of battles have all such a resemblance with each other; his gods that are for ever in a hurry and bustle, without ever doing any thing; his Helen, that is the cause of the war, and yet hardly acts in the whole performance; his Troy, that holds out so long, without being taken; in short, all these things together make the poem very insipid to me. I have asked some learned men, whether they are not in reality as much tired as myself with reading this poet: those who spoke ingenuously, assured me that he had made them fall asleep, and yet, that they could not well avoid giving him a place in their libraries; but it was merely as they would do an antique, or those rusty medals which are kept only for curiosity, and are of no manner of use in commerce.

But your excellency does not surely form the same opinion of Virgil? said Candid. Why, I grant, replied Pococurante, that the second, third, fourth, and sixth book of his Æneid are excellent; but as for his pious Æneas, his strong Cloanthus, his friendly Achates, his boy Ascanius, his silly king Latinus, his ill-bred Amata, his insipid Lavinia, and some other characters much in the same strain, I think there cannot in nature be any thing more flat and disagreeable. I must confess, I prefer Tasso far beyond him; nay, even that sleepy tale-teller, Ariosto.

May I take the liberty to ask if you do not receive great pleasure from reading Horace? said Candid. There are maxims in this writer, replied Pococurante, from whence a man of the world may reap some benefit; and the short measure of the verse makes them more easily to be retained in the memory. But I see nothing extraordinary in his journey to Brundusium, and his account of his bad dinner; nor in his dirty low quarrel between one Rupilius, whose words, as he expresses it, were full of poisonous filth; and another, whose language was dipped in vinegar. His indelicate verses against old women and witches have frequently given me great offence; nor can I discover the great merit of his telling his friend Mecænas, that if he will but rank him in the class of lyric poets, his lofty head shall touch the stars. Ignorant readers are apt to praise every thing by the lump, in a writer of reputation. For my part, I read only to please myself. I like nothing but what makes for my purpose. Candid, who had been brought up with a notion of never making use of his own judgment, was astonished at what he had heard; but Martin found there was a good deal of reason in the senator's remarks.

O! here is a Tully, said Candid: this great man, I fancy, you are never tired of reading? Indeed, I never read him at all, replied Pococurante. What a deuce is it to me, whether he pleads for Rabirius or Cluentius? I try causes enough myself. I had once some liking to his philosophical works; but when I found he doubted of every thing, I thought I knew as much as himself, and had no need of a guide to learn ignorance.

Ha! cried Martin, here are fourscore volumes of the Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences; perhaps there many be something curious and valuable in this collection. Yes, answered Pococurante; so there might, if any one of these compilers of this rubbish had only invented the art of pin making; but all these volumes are filled with mere chimerical systems, without one single article conducive to real utility.

I see a prodigious number of plays, said Candid, in Ita-

lian, Spanish, and French. Yes, replied the Venetian; there are I think three thousand, and not three dozen of them good for any thing. As to these huge volumes of divinity, and those enormous collections of sermons, they are not altogether worth one single page in Seneca; and I fancy you will readily believe that neither myself, nor any one else, ever looks into them.

Martin, perceiving some shelves filled with English books, said to the senator, I fancy that a republican must be highly delighted with those books, which are most of them written with a noble spirit of freedom. It is noble to write as we think, said Pococurante; it is the privilege of humanity. Throughout Italy we write only what we do not think; and the present inhabitants of the country of the Cæsars and Antoninus's dare not acquire a single idea without the permission of a father dominican. I should be enamoured of the spirit of the English nation, did it not utterly frustrate the good effects it would produce, by passion and the spirit of party.

Candid, seeing a Milton, asked the senator if he did not think that author a great man? Who? said Pococurante, sharply; that barbarian! who writes a tedious commentary in ten books of rumbling verse, on the first chapter of Genesis? that slovenly imitator of the Greeks, who disfigures the creation, by making the Messiah take a pair of compasses from heaven's armoury to plan the world; whereas Moses represented the Deity as producing the whole universe by his fiat? Can I, think you, have any esteem for a writer who has spoiled Tasso's hell and the devil? who transforms Lucifer sometimes into a toad, and, at others, into a pigmy? who makes him say the same thing over again an hundred times? who metamorphoses him into a school-divine? and who, by an absurdly serious imitation of Ariosto's comic invention of fire-arms, represents the devils and angels cannonading each other in heaven? Neither I nor any other Italian can possibly take pleasure in such melancholy reveries; but the marriage of Sin and Death, and snakes issuing from the womb of the former, are enough to

make any person sick that is not lost to all sense of delicacy. This obscene, whimsical, and disagreeable poem, met with the neglect it deserved at its first publication; and I only treat the author now as he was treated in his own country by his cotemporaries.

Candid was sensibly grieved at this speech, as he had a great respect for Homer, and was very fond of Milton. Alas! said he softly to Martin, I am afraid this man holds our German poets in great contempt. There would be no such great harm in that, said Martin. O what a surprising man! said Candid still to himself; what a prodigious genius is this Pococurante! nothing can please him.

After finishing their survey of the library, they went down into the garden, when Candid commended the several beauties that offered themselves to his view. I know nothing upon earth laid out in such bad taste, said Pococurante; every thing about it is childish and trifling; but I shall have another laid out to-morrow upon a nobler plan.

As soon as our two travellers had taken leave of his excellency, Well, said Candid to Martin, I hope you will own, that this man is the happiest of all mortals, for he is above every thing he possesses. But do not you see, answered Martin, that he likewise dislikes every thing he possesses? It was an observation of Plato, long since, that those are not the best stomachs that reject, without distinction, all sorts of aliments. True, said Candid, but still there must certainly be a pleasure in criticising every thing, and in perceiving faults where others think they see beauties. That is, replied Martin, there is a pleasure in having no pleasure. Well, well, said Candid, I find that I shall be the only happy man at last, when I am blessed with the sight of my dear Cunegund. It is good to hope, said Martin.

In the mean while, days and weeks passed away, and no news of Cacambo. Candid was so overwhelmed with grief, that he did not reflect on the behaviour of Pacquette and Giroflée, who never staid to return him thanks for the presents he had so generously made them.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

*Candid and Martin sup with six strangers; and who they were.*

One evening that Candid, with his attendant Martin, were going to sit down to supper with some foreigners, who lodged in the same inn where they had taken up their quarters, a man, with a face the colour of soot, came behind him, and taking him by the arm, said, Hold yourself in readiness to go along with us, be sure you do not fail. Upon this, turning about to see from whom the above came, he beheld Cacambo. Nothing but the sight of Miss Cunegund could have given him greater joy and surprize. He was almost beside himself. After embracing this dear friend, Cunegund, said he, Cunegund is come with you, doubtless? Where, where is she? Carry me to her this instant, that I may die with joy in her presence. Cunegund is not here, answered Cacambo: she is at Constantinople. Good heavens, at Constantinople! but no matter if she was in China, I would fly thither. Quick, quick, my dear Cacambo, let us be gone. Soft and fair, said Cacambo, stay till you have supped. I cannot at present stay to say any thing more to you; I am a slave, and my master waits for me; I must go and attend him at table: but mum! say not a word, only get your supper, and hold yourself in readiness.

Candid, divided between joy and grief, charmed to have met thus with his faithful agent again, and surprised to hear he was a slave, his heart palpitating, his senses confused, but full of the hopes of recovering his dear Cunegund, sat down to table with Martin, who beheld all these scenes with great unconcern, and with six strangers who were come to spend the carnival at Venice.

Cacambo waited at table upon one of those strangers. When supper was nearly over, he drew near to his master, and whispered him in the ear, Sire, your majesty may go when you please, the ship is ready; and so saying, he left

the room. The guests, surprised at what they had heard, looked at each other without speaking a word; when another servant drawing near to his master, in like manner said, Sire, your majesty's post-chaise is at Padua, and the bark is ready. The master made him a sign, and he instantly withdrew. The company all stared at each other again, and the general astonishment was increased. A third servant then approached another of the strangers, and said, Sire, if your majesty will be advised by me, you will not make any longer stay in this place; I will go and get every thing ready; and instantly disappeared.

Candid and Martin then took it for granted, that this was some of the diversions of the carnival, and that these were characters in masquerade. Then a fourth domestic said to the fourth stranger, your majesty may set off when you please; saying this, he went away like the rest. A fifth valet said the same to a fifth master. But the sixth domestic spoke in a different style to the person on whom he waited, and who sat near to Candid. Troth, Sir, said he, they will trust your majesty no longer, nor myself neither; and we may both of us chance to be sent to gaol this very night; and therefore I shall even take care of myself, and so adieu. The servants being all gone, the six strangers, with Candid and Martin, remained in a profound silence. At length Candid broke it, by saying, Gentlemen, this is a very singular joke, upon my word; why, how came you all to be kings? For my part, I own frankly, that neither my friend Martin here, nor myself, have any claim to royalty.

Cacambo's master then began, with great gravity, to deliver himself thus in Italian: I am not joking in the least, my name is Achmet III. I was grand signor for many years; I dethroned my brother, my nephew dethroned me, my viziers lost their heads, and I am condemned to end my days in the old seraglio. My nephew, the grand sultan Mahomet, gives me permission to travel sometimes for my health, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

A young man who sat by Achmet spoke next, and said, my name is Ivan. I was once emperor of all the Russias,

but was dethroned in my cradle. My parents were confined, and I was brought up in a prison; yet I am sometimes allowed to travel, though always with persons to keep a guard over me, and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The third said, I am Charles Edward, king of England; my father has renounced his right to the throne in my favour. I have fought in defence of my rights, and near a thousand of my friends have had their hearts taken out of their bodies alive, and thrown in their faces. I have myself been confined in a prison. I am going to Rome to visit the king my father, who was dethroned as well as myself and my grandfather; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fourth spoke thus, I am the king of Poland; the fortune of war has stripped me of my hereditary dominions. My father experienced the same vicissitudes of fate. I resign myself to the will of providence, in the same manner as sultan Achmet, the emperor Ivan, and king Charles Edward, whom God long preserve; and I am come to spend the carnival at Venice.

The fifth said, I am king of Poland also. I have twice lost my kingdom; but Providence has given me other dominions, where I have done more good than all the Sarmatian kings, put together, were ever able to do on the banks of the Vistula: I resign myself likewise to Providence; and am come to spend the carnival at Venice

It now came to the sixth monarch's turn to speak. Gentlemen, said he, I am not so great a prince as the rest of you, it is true; but I am, however, a crowned head. I am Theodore, elected king of Corsica. I have had the title of Majesty, and am now hardly treated with common civility. I have coined money, and am not now worth a single ducat. I have had two secretaries, and am now without a valet. I was once seated on a throne, and since that have lain upon a truss of straw, in a common gaol in London, and I very much fear I shall meet with the same fate here in Venice, where I come, like your majesties, to divert myself at the carnival. The other five kings listened to this speech with

great attention: it excited their compassion; each of them made the unhappy Theodore a present of twenty sequins, and Candid gave him a diamond worth just an hundred times that sum. Who can this private person be, said the five princes to one another, who is able to give, and has actually given, an hundred times as much as any of us?

Just as they rose from table, in came four serene highnesses, who had also been stripped of their territories by the fortune of war, and were come to spend the remainder of the carnival at Venice. Candid took no manner of notice of them; for his thoughts were wholly employed on his voyage to Constantinople, whither he intended to go in search of his lovely Miss Cunegund.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### *Candid's Voyage to Constantinople.*

The trusty Cacambo had already engaged the captain of the Turkish ship that was to carry sultan Achmet back to Constantinople, to take Candid and Martin on board. Accordingly, they both embarked, after paying their obeisance to his miserable highness. As they were going on board, Candid said to Martin, you see we supped in company with six dethroned kings, and to one of them I gave charity. Perhaps there may be a great many other princes still more unfortunate. For my part, I have lost only an hundred sheep, and am now going to fly to the arms of my charming Miss Cunegund.—My dear Martin, I must insist on it, that Pangloss was in the right. All is for the best. I wish it may, said Martin.—But this was an odd adventure we met with at Venice. I do not think there ever was an instance before, of six dethroned monarchs supping together at a public inn. This is not more extraordinary, said Martin, than most of what has happened to us. It is a very common thing for kings to be dethroned; and as for our having the honour to sup with six of them, it is a mere accident, not deserving our attention.

As soon as Candid set his foot on board the vessel, he flew to his old friend and valet Cacambo; and throwing his arms about his neck, embraced him with transports of joy. Well, said he, what news of Miss Cunegund? Does she still continue the paragon of beauty? Does she love me still? How does she do? You have, doubtless, purchased a superb palace for her at Constantinople.

My dear master, replied Cacambo, Miss Cunegund washes dishes on the banks of the Propontis, in the house of a prince who has very few to wash. She is at present a slave in the family of an ancient sovereign, named Ragotsky, whom the grand Turk allows three crowns a-day to maintain him in his exile; but the most melancholy circumstance of all is, that she is turned horribly ugly. Ugly or handsome, said Candid, I am a man of honour; and, as such, am obliged to love her still. But how could she possibly have been reduced to so abject a condition, when I sent five or six millions to her by you? Lord bless me, said Cacambo, was not I obliged to give two millions to signor Don Fernando d'Ibaraa y Figueora y Mascarenes y Lampourdos y Souza, the governor of Buenos Ayres, for liberty to take Miss Cunegund away with me? and then did not a brave fellow of a pirate verygallantly strip us of all the rest? and then did not this same pirate carry us with him to Cape Matapan, to Milo, to Nicaria, to Samos, to Petra, to the Dardanelles, to Marmora, to Scutari? Miss Cunegund and the old woman are now servants to the prince I have told you of; and I myself am slave to the dethroned sultan. What a chain of shocking accidents! exclaimed Candid. But, after all, I have still some diamonds left, with which I can easily procure Miss Cunegund's liberty. It is a pity, though, she is grown so very ugly.

Then turning to Martin, what think you, friend, said he, whose condition is most to be pitied, the emperor Achmet's, the emperor Ivan's, king Charles Edward's, or mine? Faith, I cannot resolve your question, said Martin, unless I had been in the breasts of you all. Ah! cried Candid, was Pangloss here now, he would have known, and satisfied me

at once. I know not, said Martin, in what balance your Pangloss could have weighed the misfortunes of mankind, and have set a just estimation on their sufferings. All that I pretend to know of the matter is, that there are millions of men on the earth, whose conditions are an hundred times more pitiable than those of king Charles Edward, the emperor Ivan, or sultan Achmet. Why, that may be, answered Candid.

In a few days they reached the Bosphorus; and the first thing Candid did, was to pay a high ransom for Cacambo: then, without losing time, he and his companions went on board a galley, in order to search for his Cunegund, on the banks of the Propontis, notwithstanding she was grown so ugly.

There were two slaves among the crew of the galley, who rowed very ill, and to whose bare backs the master of the vessel frequently applied a bull's pizzle. Candid, from natural sympathy, looked at these two slaves more attentively than at any of the rest, and drew near them with an eye of pity. Their features, though greatly disfigured, appeared to him to bear a strong resemblance with those of Pangloss and the unhappy baron Jesuit, Miss Cunegund's brother. This idea affected him with grief and compassion; he examined them more attentively than before. In troth, said he, turning to Martin, if I had not seen my master Pangloss fairly hanged, and had not myself been unlucky enough to run the baron through the body, I should absolutely think those two rowers were the men.

No sooner had Candid uttered the names of the baron and Pangloss, than the two slaves gave a great cry, ceased rowing, and let fall their oars out of their hands. The master of the vessel, seeing this, ran up to them, and redoubled the discipline of the bull's pizzle. Hold, hold, cried Candid, I will give you what money you shall ask for these two persons. Good heavens! it is Candid, said one of the men. Candid! cried the other. Do I dream, said Candid, or am I awake? Am I actually on board this galley? Is this my lord baron, whom I killed? and that my master Pangloss, whom I saw hanged before my face?

It is I! it is I! cried they, both together. What! is this your great philosopher? said Martin. My dear Sir, said Candid to the master of the galley, how much do you ask for the ransom of the baron of Thunder-ten-tronckh, who is one of the first barons of the empire, and of Mr. Pangloss, the most profound metaphysician in Germany? Why then, Christian cur, replied the Turkish captain, since these two dogs of Christian slaves are barons and metaphysicians, who no doubt are of high rank in their own country, thou shalt give me fifty thousand sequins. You shall have them, Sir: carry me back as quick as thought to Constantinople, and you shall receive the money immediately—No! carry me first to Miss Cunegund. The captain, upon Candid's first proposal, had already tacked about, and he made the crew apply their oars so effectually, that the vessel flew through the water quicker than a bird cleaves the air.

Candid bestowed a thousand embraces on the baron and Pangloss. And so then, my dear baron, I did not kill you? and you, my dear Pangloss, are come to life again after your hanging? But how came you slaves on board a Turkish galley? And is it true that my dear sister is in this country? said the baron. Yes, said Cacambo. And do I once again behold my dear Candid? said Pangloss. Candid presented Martin and Cacambo to them; they embraced each other, and all spoke together. The galley flew like lightning, and now they were got back to the port. Candid instantly sent for a Jew, to whom he sold, for fifty thousand sequins, a diamond richly worth one hundred thousand, though the fellow swore to him all the time, by father Abraham, that he gave him the most he could possibly afford. He no sooner got the money into his hands, than he paid it down for the ransom of the baron and Pangloss. The latter flung himself at the feet of his deliverer, and bathed him with his tears: the former thanked him with a gracious nod, and promised to return him the money the first opportunity.—But is it possible, said he, that my sister should be in Turkey? Nothing is more possible, answered Cacambo; for she scours the dishes in the house of a Tran-

sylvanian prince. Candid sent directly for two Jews, and sold more diamonds to them; and then he set out with his companions in another galley, to deliver Miss Cunegund from slavery.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

*What befel Candid, Cunegund, Pangloss, Martin, &c.*

Pardon, said Candid to the baron; once more let me intreat your pardon, reverend father, for running you through the body. Say no more about it, replied the baron; I was a little too hasty I must own: but as you seem to be desirous to know by what accident I came to be a slave on board the galley where you saw me, I will inform you. After I had been cured of the wound you gave me, by the college apothecary, I was attacked and carried off by a party of Spanish troops, who clapped me up in prison in Buenos Ayres, at the very time my sister was setting out from thence. I asked leave to return to Rome, to the general of my order, who appointed me chaplain to the French ambassador at Constantinople. I had not been a week in my new office, when I happened to meet one evening with a young Icoglan, extremely handsome and well made. The weather was very hot; the young man had an inclination to bathe. I took the opportunity to bathe likewise. I did know it was a crime for a Christian to be found naked in company with a young Turk. A cadi ordered me to receive an hundred blows on the soles of my feet, and sent me to the gallies. I do not believe that there was ever an act of more flagrant injustice. But I would fain know how my sister came to be a scullion to a Transylvanian prince, who has taken refuge among the Turks?

But how happens it that I behold you again, my dear Pangloss? said Candid. It is true, answered Pangloss, you saw me hanged, though I ought properly to have been burnt; but you may remember, that it rained extremely hard when they were going to roast me. The storm was so

violent, that they found it impossible to light the fire; so they even hanged me, because they could do no better. A surgeon purchased my body, carried it home, and prepared to dissect me. He began by making a crucial incision from my navel to the clavicle. It is impossible for any one to have been more lamely hanged than I had been. The executioner of the Holy Inquisition was a sub-deacon, and knew how to burn people very well, but as for hanging, he was a novice at it, being quite out of the way of his practice; the cord being wet, and not slipping properly, the noose did not join. In short, I still continued to breathe; the crucial incision made me scream to such a degree, that my surgeon fell flat upon his back; and imagining it was the devil he was dissecting, ran away, and in his fright tumbled down stairs. His wife hearing the noise, flew from the next room, and seeing me stretched upon the table with my crucial incision, was still more terrified than her husband, and fell upon him. When they had a little recovered themselves, I heard her say to her husband, my dear, how could you think of dissecting an heretic? Don't you know, that the devil is always in them? I'll run directly to a priest, to come and drive the evil spirit out. I trembled from head to foot at hearing her talk in this manner, and exerted what little strength I had left to cry out, Have mercy on me! At length the Portuguese barber took courage, sewed up my wound, and his wife nursed me; and I was upon my legs in a fortnight's time. The barber got me a place, to be lacquey to a knight of Malta, who was going to Venice; but finding my master had no money to pay me my wages, I entered into the service of a Venetian merchant, and went with him to Constantinople.

One day I happened to enter a mosque, where I saw no one but an old iman and a very pretty young female devotee, who was telling her beads; her neck was quite bare, and in her bosom she had a beautiful nosegay of tulips, roses, anemonies, ranunculuses, hyacinths, and auriculas. She let fall her nosegay. I ran immediately to take it up, and presented it to her with a most respectful bow. I was

so long in delivering it, that the iman began to be angry; and, perceiving I was a Christian, he cried out for help; they carried me before the cadi, who ordered me to receive one hundred bastinadoes, and sent me to the gallies. I was chained in the very galley, and to the very same bench, with the baron. On board this galley there were four young men belonging to Marseilles, five Neapolitan priests, and two monks of Corfu, who told us that the like adventures happened every day. The baron pretended that he had been worse used than myself; and I insisted that there was far less harm in taking up a nosegay, and putting it into a woman's bosom, than to be found stark naked with a young Icoglan. We were continually whipt, and received twenty lashes a-day with a bull's pizzle, when the concatenation of sublunary events brought you on board our galley to ransom us from slavery.

Well, my dear Pangloss, said Candid to them, when you was hanged, dissected, whipped, and tugging at the oar, did you continue to think, that every thing in this world happens for the best? I have always abided by my first opinion, answered Pangloss; for, after all, I am a philosopher; and it would not become me to retract my sentiments; especially, as Leibnitz could not be in the wrong; and that pre-established harmony is the finest thing in the world, as well as a plenum and the materia subtilis.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

*In what manner Candid found Miss Cunegund and the old Woman again.*

While Candid, the baron, Pangloss, Martin, and Cacambo, were relating their several adventures, and reasoning on the contingent or non-contingent events of this world; on causes and effects; on moral and physical evil; on free will and necessity; and on the consolation that may be felt by a person, when a slave and chained to an oar in a

Turkish galley, they arrived at the house of the Transylvanian prince on the coast of the Propontis. The first objects they beheld there, was Miss Cunegund and the old woman, who were hanging some table cloths on a line to dry.

The baron turned pale at the sight. Even the tender Candid, that affectionate lover, upon seeing his fair Cunegund all sun-burnt, with blear eyes, a withered neck, wrinkled face and arms, all covered with a red scurf, started back with horror; but, recovering himself, he advanced towards her out of good manners. She embraced Candid and her brother; they embraced the old woman, and Candid ransomed them both.

There was a small farm in the neighbourhood, which the old woman proposed to Candid to make a shift with till the company should meet with a more favourable destiny. Cunegund, not knowing that she was grown ugly, as no one had informed her of it, reminded Candid of his promise in so peremptory a manner, that the simple lad did not dare to refuse her; he then acquainted the baron that he was going to marry his sister. I will never suffer, said the baron, my sister to be guilty of an action so derogatory to her birth and family; nor will I bear this insolence on your part: no, I never will be reproached that my nephews are not qualified for the first ecclesiastical dignities in Germany; nor shall a sister of mine ever be the wife of any person below the rank of a baron of the empire. Cunegund flung herself at her brother's feet, and bedewed them with her tears, but he still continued inflexible. Thou foolish fellow, said Candid, have I not delivered thee from the gallies, paid thy ransom, and thy sister's too; who was a scullion, and is very ugly, and yet I condescend to marry her? and shalt thou pretend to oppose the match? If I were to listen only to the dictates of my anger, I should kill thee again. Thou mayest kill me again, said the baron, but thou shalt not marry my sister while I am living.

## CHAPTER XXX.

*Conclusion.*

Candid had, in truth, no great inclination to marry Miss Cunegund; but the extreme impertinence of the baron determined him to conclude the match; and Cunegund pressed him so warmly, that he could not recant. He consulted Pangloss, Martin, and the faithful Cacambo. Pangloss composed a fine memorial, by which he proved that the baron had no right over his sister; and that she might, according to all the laws of the empire, marry Candid with the left hand. Martin concluded to throw the baron into the sea. Cacambo decided, that he must be delivered to the Turkish captain and sent to the galleys; after which he should be conveyed by the first ship to the father-general at Rome. This advice was found to be very good; the old woman approved of it, and not a syllable was said to his sister; the business was executed for a little money: and they had the pleasure of tricking a Jesuit, and punishing the pride of a German baron.

It was altogether natural to imagine, that after undergoing so many disasters, Candid married to his mistress, and living with the philosopher Pangloss, the philosopher Martin, the prudent Cacambo, and the old woman, having besides brought home so many diamonds from the country of the ancient Incas, would lead the most agreeable life in the world. But he had been so much choused by the Jews, that he had nothing else left but his little farm; his wife, every day growing more and more ugly, became headstrong and insupportable; the old woman was infirm, and more ill-natured yet than Cunegund. Cacambo, who worked in the garden, and carried the produce of it to sell at Constantinople, was past his labour, and curst his fate. Pangloss despaired of making a figure in any of the German universities. And as to Martin, he was firmly persuaded, that a person is equally ill situated every where.

He took things with patience. Candid, Martin, and Pangloss, disputed sometimes about metaphysics and morality. Boats were often seen passing under the windows of the farm, fraught with effendis, bashaws, and cadis, that were going into banishment to Lemnos, Mitilene, and Erzerum. And other cadis, bashaws, and effendis, were seen coming back to succeed the place of the exiles, and were driven out in their turns. They saw several heads very curiously stuck upon poles, and carrying as presents to the sublime Porte. Such sights gave occasion to frequent dissertations; and when no disputes were carried on, the irksomeness was so excessive, that the old woman ventured one day to tell them, I would be glad to know, which is worst, to be ravished a hundred times by negro pirates, to have one buttock cut off, to run the gantlet among the Bulgarians, to be whipt and hanged at an auto-da-fe, to be dissected, to be chained to an oar in a galley, and, in short, to experience all the miseries through which every one of us hath passed,—or to remain here doing of nothing? This, said Candid, is a grand question.

This discourse gave birth to new reflexions, and Martin especially concluded, that man was born to live in the convulsions of disquiet, or the lethargy of idleness. Though Candid did not absolutely agree to this; yet he did not determine any thing on the head. Pangloss avowed that he had undergone dreadful sufferings; but having once maintained that every thing went on as well as possible, he still maintained it, and at the same time believed nothing of it.

There was one thing which, more than ever, confirmed Martin in his detestable principles, made Candid hesitate, and embarrassed Pangloss,—which was, the arrival of Pacquette and brother Giroflée one day at their farm. This couple had been in the utmost distress; they had very speedily made away with their three thousand piastres; they had parted, been reconciled; quarrelled again, thrown into prison; had made their escape, and, at last, brother Giroflée turned Turk. Pacquette still continued to follow

her trade wherever she came; but she got little or nothing by it. I foresaw very well, says Martin to Candid, that your presents would soon be squandered, and only make them more miserable. You and Cacambo have spent millions of piastres, and yet you are not more happy than brother Giroflée and Pacquette. Ah! says Pangloss to Pacquette, It is heaven who has brought you here among us, my poor child! Do you know that you have cost me the tip of my nose, one eye, and one ear? What a handsome shape is here! and what is this world! This new adventure engaged them more deeply than ever in philosophical disputations.

In the neighbourhood lived a very famous dervise who passed for the best philosopher in Turkey; him they went to consult: Pangloss, who was their spokesman, addressed him thus: Master, we come to intreat you to tell us, why so strange an animal as man has been formed?

Why do you trouble your head about it, said the dervise; is it any business of yours? But, my reverend father, says Candid, there is a horrible deal of evil on the earth. What signifies it, says the dervise, whether there is evil or good? When his highness sends a ship to Egypt, does he trouble his head, whether the rats in the vessel are at their ease or not? What must then be done? says Pangloss. Be silent, answers the dervise. I flattered myself, replied Pangloss, to have reasoned a little with you on the causes and effects, on the best of possible worlds, the origin of evil, the nature of the soul, and a pre-established harmony. At these words the dervise shut the door in their faces.

During this conversation, news was spread abroad, that two vizirs of the bench and the mufti had been just strangled at Constantinople. and several of their friends empaled. This catastrophe made a great noise for some hours. Pangloss, Candid, and Martin, as they were returning to the little farm, met with a good-looking old man, who was taking the air at his own door, under an alcove formed of the boughs of orange-trees. Pangloss, who was as inquisi-

tive as he was disputative, asked him what was the name of the mufti who was lately strangled? I cannot tell, answered the good old man; I never knew the name of any mufti or vizir breathing. I am entirely ignorant of the event you speak of; I presume, that in general, such as are concerned in public affairs sometimes come to a miserable end; and that they deserve it: but I never enquire what is doing at Constantinople; I am contented with sending thither the produce of my garden, which I cultivate with my own hands. After saying these words, he invited the strangers to come into his house. His two daughters and two sons presented them with divers sorts of sherbet of their own making; besides caymac, heightened with the peels of candid citrons, oranges, lemons, pine-apples, pistachio-nuts, and Moccha-coffee unadulterated with the bad coffee of Batavia or the American islands. After which the two daughters of this good mussulman perfumed the beards of Candid, Pangloss, and Martin.

You must certainly have a vast estate, said Candid to the Turk; who replied, I have no more than twenty acres of ground, the whole of which I cultivate myself with the help of my children; and our labour keeps off from us three great evils, idleness, vice, and want.

Candid, as he was returning home, made profound reflexions on the Turk's discourse. This good old man, said Pangloss and Martin, appears to me to have chosen a lot much preferable to that of the six kings with whom we had the honour to sup. Human grandeur, said Pangloss, is very dangerous, if we believe the testimonies of almost all philosophers; for we find Eglon, king of Moab, was assassinated by Aod; Absalom was hanged by the hair of the head, and run through with three darts: king Nadab, son of Jereboam, was slain by Baaza; king Ela by Zimri; Okosias by Jehu; Athaliah by Jehoiada; the kings Jehoiakim, Jeconiah, and Zedekiah, were led into captivity: I need not tell you what was the fate of Crœsus, Astyages, Darius, Dionysius of Syracuse, Pyrrhus, Perseus, Hannibal, Jugurtha, Ariovistus, Cæsar, Pompey, Nero,

Otho, Vitellius, Domitian, Richard II. of England, Edward II. Henry VI. Richard III. Mary Stuart, Charles I. the three Henrys of France, and the emperor Henry IV. Neither need you tell me, said Candid, that we must take care of our garden. You are in the right, said Pangloss; for when man was put into the garden of Eden, it was with an intent to dress it; and this proves that man was not born to be idle. Work then without disputing, said Martin, it is the only way to render life supportable.

The little society, one and all, entered into this laudable design; and set themselves to exert their different talents. The little piece of ground yielded them a plentiful crop. Cunegund indeed was very ugly, but she became an excellent hand at pastry-work; Pacquette embroidered; the old woman had the care of the linen. There was none, down to brother Giroflée, but did some service; he was a very good carpenter, and became an honest man. Pangloss used now and then to say to Candid, There is a concatenation of all events in the best of possible worlds; for, in short, had you not been kicked out of a fine castle for the love of Miss Cunegund; had you not been put into the inquisition; had you not run the baron through the body; and had you not lost all your sheep, which you brought from the good country of El Dorado, you would not have been here to eat preserved citrons and pistachio nuts. Excellently observed, answered Candid; but let us take care of our garden.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

It was thought that Dr. Ralph had no intention to carry on his treatise of Optimism any further, and therefore it was translated and published as a complete piece; but Dr. Ralph, spirited up by the little cabals of the German universities, added a second part, which we have caused to be translated, to satisfy the impatience of the public; and, especially, of such who are diverted with the witticisms of Master Alibron, who know what a Merry Andrew is, and who never read the JOURNAL of TREVOUX.

# PART II.

## CHAPTER I.

*How Candid quitted his companions, and what happened to him.*

We soon become tired of every thing in life; riches fatigue the possessor; ambition, when satisfied, leaves only remorse behind it; the joys of love are but transient joys; and Candid, made to experience all the vicissitudes of fortune, was soon disgusted with cultivating his garden. Mr. Pangloss, said he, if we are in the best of possible worlds, you will own to me, at least, that this is not enjoying that portion of possible happiness; but living obscure in a little corner of the Propontis, having no other resource than that of my own manual labour, which may one day fail me; no other pleasures than what Miss Cunegund gives me, who is very ugly, and what is worse, is my wife; no other company than yours, which is sometimes irksome to me; or that of Martin, which makes me melancholy; or that of Giroflee, who is but very lately become an honest man; or that of Pacquette, the danger of whose correspondence you have so fully experienced; or that of the hag who has but one hip, and is constantly repeating old wives' tales.

To this Pangloss made the following reply: Philosophy teaches us, that Monads* divisible in infinitum, arrange themselves with wonderful sagacity in order to compose the different bodies which we observe in nature. The heavenly bodies are what they ought to be; they are placed

* From a Greek word which signifies a point, unity, the beginning of numbers; and is sometimes used to signify God himself.

where they should be; they describe the circles which they ought to do: man follows the bent he ought to follow; he is what he ought to be; he does what he ought to do. You bemoan yourself. O Candid! because the Monad of your soul is disgusted: but disgust is a modification of the soul; and this does not hinder, but every thing is for the best, both for you and others. When you beheld me covered with sores, I did not maintain my opinion the less for that; for if Miss Pacquette had not made me taste the pleasures of love and its poison, I should not have met you in Holland; I should not have given the anabaptist James an opportunity of performing a meritorious act; I should not have been hanged in Lisbon for the edification of my neighbour; I should not have been here to assist you with my advice, and to make you live and die in the opinion of Leibnitz. Let the citizen of Montalban instruct kings; let the worm of Quimper Corentin criticize, criticize, criticize; let the denouncers of the philosophers crucify them in the street of St. Denis; let the cook of the Recolets, and the archdeacon of St. Malo, distill gall and calumny in their christian journals; let one be accused of philosophy at the tribunal of Melpomene; and let philosophers continue to enlighten humanity in spite of the croaking of the ridiculous beasts who waddle in the marshes of literature; and should you be kicked again out of the most beautiful of all castles with tremendous kicks on the breech, learn afresh your exercise among the Bulgarians, repass before their rods, suffer anew the stale effects of a Dutch lady's zeal, be shipwrecked again in sight of Lisbon, be cruelly flogged again by order of the most holy inquisition, run again the same dangers among Los Padres, among the Oreillons, and the French; should you, in short, undergo every possible calamity, and never understand Leibnitz better than I myself understand him, you would maintain that all is at the best; that the fullness of space, pervading matter, pre-established harmony, and the atoms, are the finest things in the world; and that Leibnitz is a great man, even to those who do not understand

him. To this beautiful speech Candid, the mildest man in nature, although he had killed three fellow creatures, two of them priests, answered not one word; but tired of the doctor and of his society, the next day, at daybreak, with a white stick in his hand, went away looking for a place where one never gets tired, and were men are not men, as in the country of El Dorado. Candid, so much the less unhappy as he no longer loved Miss Cunegund, subsisting upon the liberality of different people who are not Christians, but yet are charitable, arrived, after a very long and painful march, at Tauris, upon the frontiers of Persia; a city celebrated for the cruelties which the Turks and Persians have exercised there in their turn. Emaciated with fatigue, having scarcely any more clothing than what sufficed to hide his manhood, or what we call the private parts, Candid inclined but little towards the opinion of Pangloss, when a Persian accosted him in the politest manner, begging him to ennoble his house by his presence. You are laughing at me, said Candid to him; I am a poor devil, who have just left a miserable habitation which I had in the Propontis because I had married Miss Cunegund, who is now very ugly, and of whom I got very tired: indeed I am not calculated to ennoble any house; I am not noble myself, thank God! If I had been so, the baron of Thunder-ten-Tronkch should have payed very dear for the kicks of the breech with which he honoured me, or I should have died of shame, which would have been philosophical enough: besides, I have been very ignominiously flogged by the executioners of the holy inquisition, and by two thousand soldiers at three sols six deniers a day: give me what you will, but do not insult my misery by railleries which destroy the merit of your kindnesses. My lord, answered the Persian, you may be a beggar, that seems notorious enough, but my religion obliges me to hospitality; it is sufficient that you are a man, and unfortunate; deign to ennoble my house by your radiant presence. I will do what you wish, said Candid. Enter then, said the Persian. They entered; and Candid constantly admired the re-

spectful attentions of his host. The slaves anticipated his wishes; the whole house seemed formed but to satisfy him. If this lasts, said Candid, all does not go on amiss in this country. Three days had elapsed, during which the Persian's good proceedings did not alter; and Candid already exclaimed, Master Pangloss, I always suspected you to be right, for you are a great philosopher.

## CHAPTER II.

*Of what happened to Candid in the house, and how he left it.*

Candid, well fed, well clothed, and never fretted, became soon as blooming, fresh, and handsome, as he was in Westphalia. Ismael Raab, his host, saw this change with pleasure; he was a tall man, six feet high, adorned with two little red eyes, and with a pimpled nose, which proved his infraction of Mahomet's law; his mustachio was renowned in the province, and the mothers only wished such a mustachio to their sons. Raab had women because he was rich; but he thought as people in the east and some of the European colleges are too apt to think. Your excellency is more beautiful than the stars, said the cunning Persian to the frank Candid one day, slightly tickling his chin; you must have captivated every heart; you are made to be happy, and to make others happy. Alas! answered our hero, I never was above half happy, behind a screen, where I was not much at my ease: Miss Cunegund was pretty then.——Miss Cunegund! poor innocent! Follow me, my lord, said the Persian; and Candid followed him.

They arrived at a very agreeable retreat, which was at the end of a small wood, where silence and voluptuousness reigned; when Ismael suddenly embraced Candid, and in few words avowed for him a love resembling that which the beautiful Alexis so energetically expresses in Virgil's Georgics. Candid could not recover from his astonish-

ment. No, cried he, I will never submit to such an indignity. What cause, and what horrible effect! I should prefer death. You shall have it, said the enraged Ismael. How! dog of a Christian! because I politely wish to please you! Resolve to satisfy me, or undergo the most cruel death. Candid did not hesitate long: the sufficient reason of the Persian made him tremble; but, like a philosopher, he feared death. One gets used to every thing. Candid, well fed and clothed, although watched, did not get absolutely tired of his condition: good cheer, and the different diversions executed by Ismael's slaves, gave a truce to his griefs; he was not unhappy, except when he thought, and that is the case with most men. Just at this time one of the firmest supporters of the monarchical militia of Persia, the most learned of all the Mahometan doctors, who had the Arabian language at his fingers' ends, and even the Greek as it is spoken now-a-days in the country of Demosthenes and Sophocles, the reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk, returned from Constantinople, whither he had been to converse with the reverend Mahmoud Abram upon a very nice point of doctrine, to know whether the prophet had snatched from the angel Gabriel's wing the pen with which he had written the Alcoran, or if Gabriel had made him a present of it. They had disputed for three days and nights with a warmth worthy of the first ages of controversy; and the doctor had returned persuaded, like all the disciples of Ali, that Mahomet had taken the pen; and Mahmoud Abram remained convinced, like the rest of the sectaries of Omar, that the prophet was incapable of such rudeness, and that the angel had presented it to him in the politest manner in the world. They say that there was at Constantinople a kind of an *esprit fort*, who insinuated that it would be first of all necessary to examine if the Alcoran was written with a pen of the angel Gabriel's wing: but he was stoned to death. The arrival of Candid had made a noise in Tauris; many people who had heard him speak of contingent and non-contingent effects, had imagined that he might be a philosopher. They spoke of it to the reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk; he was desirous of seeing

him; and as Raab could not refuse any thing to a person of his consequence, he ordered Candid before him. He appeared very well satisfied with the manner in which Candid spoke of physical and moral evil, of the agent and the patient. I understand you are a philosopher, and that is all: but that is enough, Candid, said the venerable monk; it is not proper that such a great man as you are should be treated with so much indignity as they say you experience. You are a stranger; Ismael Raab has no power over you: I will take you to court; the Shah loves the sciences. Ismael, place this young man in my hands, or you will incur disgrace from the prince, and draw down upon you the vengeance of heaven, and above all of the monks. These last words staggered the Persian's intrepidity: every thing was consented to, and Candid, heaping blessings upon heaven and the monks, left Tauris that very day in company with the Mahometan doctor. They took the road to Ispahan, where they arrived loaded with the benedictions and benefits of the people.

## CHAPTER III.

*Candid's reception at Court, and its consequences.*

The reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk did not delay presenting Candid to the king; his majesty felt a particular pleasure in hearing him: he made him dispute with several learned men of the court; and these learned men treated him as if he was a fool, an ignoramus, an idiot, which considerably contributed to persuade his majesty that he was a great man. Because you understand not the arguments of Candid, you abuse him; but I do not understand him any more than you do, yet I swear he is a great philosopher; I swear it by my mustachio. These words made the wise men silent. Candid was lodged in the palace. They gave him slaves to wait upon him; he was clothed in a magnificent habit; and the Shah gave orders

that whatever he might say no one should dare to contradict him. His majesty did not stop there: the venerable monk did not cease soliciting in favour of Candid; and his majesty at last resolved to rank him among his most intimate favourites. God and our prophet be praised! said the priest one day, accosting Candid; I have good news for you. How happy you will be, how you will be envied! you will swim in opulence; you may aspire to the first posts of the empire! At any rate, my dear friend, do not forget me; remember that I have obtained for you the bounty which you will enjoy. The king will grant you a favour often solicited; and you will be a spectacle which the court has not enjoyed these two years. And with what favours is the prince going to honour me? said Candid. Even this day, said the monk, quite delighted, you will receive fifty blows from a bull's pizzle upon the soles of your feet, in the presence of the king of kings. The eunuchs nominated to perform on you are coming here; hold yourself in readiness to support this petty trial with gaiety, and to make yourself worthy of the king of kings. May the king of kings keep his favours to himself, if I am to have fifty blows from a bull's pizzle to deserve or obtain them. He always behaves so to those whom he wishes to oblige, replied the monk, coolly; I love you too well, said he, to talk of the trifling pet which you indulge in, and I will make you happy in spite of yourself. He had scarcely done talking when the eunuchs, preceded by the executor of his majesty's private pleasures, arrived. He was one of the finest and most robust noblemen of the court. It was of no use for Candid to say any thing: they perfumed his legs and feet according to custom. Four eunuchs carried him to the place ordained for the ceremony, between a double rank of soldiers, amidst the clash of all musical instruments, of cannon, and of the clocks of all the mosques of Ispahan. They immediately extended Candid upon a small gilded sofa, and the executor of private pleasures got ready to perform his duty. Oh, master Pangloss! master Pangloss, if you were here! said Candid, weeping and

crying out with all his might; which would have been considered highly indecorous and improper, if the monk had not made them understand that his favourite did this, that he might divert his majesty the more. In fact this great monarch laughed like a fool: he, indeed, was so much delighted with the performance, that after the fifty blows had been given, he ordered him fifty more; but his prime minister having the firmness to represent to him that this extraordinary favour might alienate the hearts of his subjects, he revoked his order, and Candid was carried back to his apartment. After having bathed his feet with vinegar they put him to bed: the great men came in succession to felicitate him. The Shah at last came himself; and not only, according to custom, gave him his hand to kiss, but afterwards a tremendous blow upon the mouth with his fist. The politicians conjectured from this that Candid would acquire an almost unexampled fortune; and what is very rare, although they were politicians, they were not mistaken.

## CHAPTER IV.

*New favours which Candid receives; his rank.*

As soon as our hero was cured, he was introduced to his majesty, to return him thanks. This monarch received him in the most gracious manner; gave him two or three smart boxes on the ear in course of conversation, and re-conducted him to the guard-room with tremendous kicks on his backside. The courtiers were ready to burst with envy: no one had been kicked so heartily as Candid ever since his majesty had taken it into his head to kick and beat those whom he had an inclination to patronise. Three days after this interview, our philosopher (who was chagrined at his honours, and thought that every thing went on badly) was

appointed governor of Chusistan, with absolute power. He was decorated with a furred bonnet, a mark of great distinction in Persia. He took leave of the Shah, who kindly gave him several other marks of his esteem, and set out for Sus, the capital of his province. Candid's destruction had been planned by the noblemen of the empire since the instant when he appeared in court. The excessive favours lavished upon him by the Shah had only increased the storm which was ready to burst over his head; yet he blessed his fortune, and above all his distance from his sovereign. He already anticipated the pleasures of supreme rank; and at the bottom of his heart he said, Too happy the subjects far away from their masters! He had scarcely got twenty miles from Ispahan when five hundred fellows, armed cap-a-pie, made a furious discharge of musquetry upon him and his people. Candid thought at the moment that it was a mark of their respect; but a bullet which broke his leg told him, in a language not to be mistaken, what their intentions were. His attendants lowered their arms, and Candid, more dead than alive was taken to an isolated castle. His baggage, camels, slaves, white eunuchs, and thirty-six women, presented to him by the Shah for his use, all were the prey of the conqueror. Our hero's leg was cut off for fear of a mortification, and his days were prolonged only that he might suffer the most cruel death. Oh, Pangloss! Pangloss! what would become of your doctrine if you were to see me with only one leg, in the hands of my most cruel enemies, falling into their clutches just as I was entering the road to happiness, when I was governor, I might say king, of one of the most considerable provinces of the empire of ancient India. Thus did Candid speak, as soon as he could speak. While he was afflicting himself with these mortifying thoughts, all was going on for the best. The prime minister of Persia, informed of the treatment which Candid had received, despatched a troop of soldiers trained up to the pursuit of the seditious; and the monk Ed-Ivan-

Baal Denk circulated, with the assistance of the other monks, an account which said, that as Candid was the favourite of the monks, he was the favourite of God. Those who had any knowledge of this atrocious crime, revealed it the more readily, as the ministers of religion assured them by Mahomet, that every man who had eaten pork, drunk wine, passed several days without bathing, or seen women when they were out of order, contrary to the express commands of the Alcoran, should be absolved, *ipso facto*, by declaring what he knew of the conspiracy. Candid's prison was soon discovered and forced open, and as it was a matter of religion, the vanquished, according to custom, were exterminated. Candid, walking upon a heap of dead bodies, escaped from the greatest danger in which he had ever been involved, and re-took, with his suite, the way to his government. He was received there as a favourite, who had been honoured with fifty blows of a bull's pizzle on the soles of his feet, in the august presence of the king of kings.

## CHAPTER V.

*Candid, although a very great and powerful nobleman, is discontented.*

The use of philosophy is, to make us love one's fellow creatures. Pascal is almost the only philosopher who seems anxious to make us hate them. Candid had fortunately never read Pascal, and he loved poor humanity with his whole soul. People of wealth soon perceived it; they had always kept far away from the Missi Dominici of Persia, but they assembled round Candid, and assisted him with their advice. He made wise regulations for the encouragement of agriculture, population, commerce, and the arts. He recompensed those who had made useful ex-

periments, he encouraged those who had only written treatises upon them. When every one is happy in my province I shall be contented, said he, with the most charming candour. Candid did not know human nature; he was soon abused by seditious libels, and calumniated in a work called the Friend of Man. Ah! said Candid, how difficult it is to govern these beings without wings, who vegetate upon the earth! Ah, that I was again in the company of Master Pangloss, Miss Cunegund, the one-hipped daughter of Pope Urban the Tenth, brother Giroflée, and the very luscious Pacquette!

## CHAPTER VI.

### *Candid's Pleasures.*

Candid, in the bitterness of his soul, wrote a very pathetic letter to the reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk, wherein he described so forcibly the actual state of his mind, that the monk was affected by it, and the Shah consented to accept Candid's resignation of his office. His majesty, at the same time, in recompense for his services, granted him a considerable pension. Our philosopher, weary of grandeur, soon looked for the optimism of Pangloss in private life. He had, heretofore, lived for others; his seraglio seemed to have escaped his recollection; he remembered it with that emotion which the name alone inspires. Let every thing be prepared, said he to his chief eunuch, for my entrance among my women. My lord, replied the man, with a clear voice, now your excellency merits the appellation of a wise man, a gentleman for whom you have done so much were not worthy to occupy your attention; but the ladies ——— That may be, said Candid, modestly. At the bottom of a garden, where art assisted nature in the developement of her beauties, was a small mansion of a simple and elegant architecture, and consequently very different from the houses in the suburbs of the finest city

of Europe. Candid blushed in approaching it. The air around this beautiful retreat spread a delicious perfume. The flowers, amorously intertwined, seemed to be guided by the instinct of pleasure; they preserved their different attractions for a length of time; the rose never lost its tint: the view of a rock whence water precipitated itself with a confused and murmuring sound, invited the soul to that sweet and heavenly listlessness which precedes pleasure. Candid trembles as he enters a saloon where taste and magnificence prevail; his senses are hurried along by a secret charm; he throws his eyes upon a young Telemachus breathing upon the ground in the midst of Calypso's court: he turns them upon a Diana, half naked, flying into the arms of the tender Endymion. His agitation increases at the sight of a Venus faithfully copied from the Venus of Italy. At that moment his ears are struck with a divine harmony; a troop of young Georgians appear veiled; they form a well designed dance around him, and more correct than the ballets of the Sibarites which we have in the minor theatres after the death of Pompeys and Cæsars. At an understood signal their veils fell: faces, naturally full of expression, appear still more animated by the warmth of the diversion. One expresses in her looks an unbounded passion, another a soft languor, expecting but not running after the delights of love. This one stoops and rises precipitately up to shew those beautiful charms which the fair sex expose so much at Paris, that one throws open her gown, to discover a leg capable of inflaming a susceptible mortal. The dance ceases, and the beauties remain motionless. The silence recalls Candid to himself; the rage of love takes possession of his soul. He throws around him greedy looks; kisses the burning lips of one, the sparkling eyes of another; places his hand on globes whiter than alabaster: their elastic firmness repels it. He admires their proportion, and sees two vermilion buds, like rose-buds, awaiting only the rays of the sun to expand them: he kisses them with transport, and his mouth remains fixed. Our philosopher

at one moment admires a noble majestic figure, at another he sighs for a small delicate one. Worn out by desires, he, at last, throws the handkerchief to a young girl, whose eyes he had always found fixed on his countenance, who seemed to say, Tell me the cause of the confusion which I experience; who, in wishing to say that, blushed, and from her blush alone was a thousand times more handsome. The eunuch immediately opened the door of a cabinet consecrated to the mysteries of love. The lovers entered. The eunuch said to his master, Here you will be happy. Oh, I hope so! said Candid. The ceilings and walls of the room were covered with glass: in the midst was a bed of black satin. Candid threw the young Georgian on it, and undressed her with incredible rapidity: the amiable girl suffered him to do it, or only interrupted him to give him kisses full of fire. My lord, said she in good Turkish, your slave is honoured by your transports: every language expresses energy of sentiment in the mouths of those who are possessed of it. These few words enchanted our philosopher; his senses were bewildered. What a difference between Miss Cunegund, grown ugly, and ravished by Bulgarian heroes, to a young Georgian who had never been ravished. For the first time Candid tasted happiness. The objects which his sight fed on were reflected in the glass; on which ever side he turned he saw upon the black satin the whitest, the handsomest of all possible figures; and the contrast of the colours lent to it a new lustre. Round, firm, and plump thighs, an admirable fall in the loins, a ——— ! I am obliged to respect the false delicacy of our language. It is sufficient to say, that he repeatedly tasted the greatest pleasure that can be tasted, and that the young Georgian shortly became his sufficient reason. Oh, my master, my dear master! cried Candid in a transport of delight, all goes on here as well as in Eldorado! a beautiful woman alone is the height of human happiness! I am as happy as it is possible to be. Leibnitz is in the right, and you are a great philosopher. For ex-

ample, I will bet that you, my dear girl, incline towards optimism, because you have always been happy. No, said the amiable girl, I do not even know what your optimism means; but I swear that your slave has never been happy until this instant. If my lord wishes it, I will convince him by a short recital of my story. I should like to hear it, said Candid; I am in a delightful position for hearing stories. Then the handsome slave began her history, in these words.

## CHAPTER VII.

### *Zirza's History.*

My father was a Christian, and they tell me that I am a Christian too. He had a small hermitage near Cotatis, where he attracted the admiration and worship of the faithful by a fervent devotion, and by austerities at which nature is shocked. Women came in crowds to pay their respects to him, and were particularly fond of kissing his backside, which he laid bare by tremendous stripes. One of the most religious women was, without doubt, my mother. I was brought up in a subterranean hole near my father's cell. I was twelve years old, and had never once stepped out of the tomb, when the earth trembled with a frightful noise, the vaults of the cavern fell in, and I was dragged from beneath the rubbish. When I saw the light for the first time, it half killed me. My father took me to his cave as a predestined child. Every part of this adventure appeared strange to the people. My father shouted out, A miracle! and the people shouted out so too. I was called Zirza, which signifies in Persian, child of Providence. My father soon made use of my feeble attractions: women came seldom to the hermitage; the men much more frequently. One of them told me, he was in love with me. Wretch! said my father, have you wherewith to love her? She is a deposit intrusted to me

by God. He appeared to me last night in the shape of a venerable hermit, and forbid my parting with her unless for two thousand sequins. Retire, miserable beggar! and be fearful lest your breath should pollute her beauty. I have only a heart, answered the other; but, villain, don't you blush at sporting with the Divinity to satisfy your avarice? It is defiling the Divinity to represent him holding conversation with such men as you. What blasphemy! said my father, mad with passion, God himself orders us to stone the blasphemous! Saying these words, he stabbed my unfortunate lover, whose blood spirted upon my face. Although I was then unacquainted with love, yet this man had interested me; and his death afflicted me so much the more, as it made the sight of my father insupportable. I resolved to leave. He perceived my intentions. Ungrateful girl, said he, you owe your existence to me; you are my daughter, and you hate me.—But I will deserve your treatment by the most rigorous treatment. During the space of five years, passed in sighs and groans, neither my youth nor my tarnished beauty could soften his rage. He sometimes thrust thousands of pins in all parts of my body; at others by his stripes he covered my buttocks with blood That would not pain you so much as the pins, said Candid. That is true, my lord, said Zirza. At last, said she, I escaped from my father's house, and not daring to trust myself to any one, went into the woods. I was there three days without any thing to eat, and should have died of hunger had it not been for a tiger whom I fortunately pleased, and who was willing to divide his food with me: but I was sadly terrified by this formidable beast, and the brute was very near ravishing the flower which your lordship has just ravished with so much pain and pleasure. Bad food gave me the scurvy. I had just got cured of it when I followed a slave merchant to Teflis. The plague was raging there; and I had the plague. These different misfortunes did not absolutely spoil my features, nor did they prevent the Shah's purveyor from purchasing me for your use. During the three months in

which I have been numbered among your women, I have languished in tears. My companions, as well as myself, imagined that we were the objects of your contempt; and if your lordship knew how unpleasant eunuchs were, and how very unfit to console young girls whom they despise——in short, I am only eighteen years old; I have passed twelve in a frightful dungeon: I have experienced an earthquake; I have been covered with the blood of the first man who had ever interested me; I have undergone for four years the most cruel tortures; I have had the scurvy, and the plague; consumed with desire, amidst a troop of black and white monsters; always preserving what I had saved from the lust of a clumsy tiger, and cursing my destiny, I have passed three months in this seraglio, and should have died of the green sickness had not your excellency honoured me with your embraces. Ah, Heaven! said Candid, is it possible that at so tender an age you should have experienced such direful misfortunes? What would Pangloss say if he heard you! But your calamities as well as mine are at an end. All does not go on amiss, it is true. So saying, Candid recommenced his caresses, and became more and more strengthened in the system of philosopher Pangloss.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Candid's Discontent. An unexpected Meeting.*

Our philosopher in the midst of this seraglio divided his favours equally. He tasted the delights of inconstancy; and always returned to the Child of Providence with fresh ardour. This did not last: he was afflicted with violent pains in the loins, and sharp colics; in getting happy, he got thin. Then Zirza's breasts seemed to him neither so white nor so well placed as they used to appear: her hips appeared neither so hard nor so plump: her eyes, in the eyes of Candid, lost all their vivacity, her complexion its bloom, her lips the carnation

which had delighted him. He discovered that she smelt badly, and walked worse: he saw with extreme disgust a mole on the mount of Venus, which he had never before perceived. Zirza's caresses grew tiresome. In his cool moments he remarked in all the other women defects which had in the first excesses of his passion escaped his notice; he now only remarked an abandoned, disgusting lasciviousness. He was ashamed of having walked in the path of the wisest of men, *et invenit amariorem morte mulierem.* Candid, in these christian sentiments, was one day walking in the streets of Sus to while away his idleness, when a stranger, superbly dressed, leaped upon his neck, calling him by his name. Can it be possible? said Candid. No: it cannot be!—yet you strongly resemble the Perigourdin abbot. It is I myself, said Perigourdin. Then Candid drew back a few paces, and very ingenuously said, Mr. Abbot, are you happy? A fine question! said Perigourdin; the little trick which I played you got me some credit. The police employed me for a short time, but I quarrelled with them, and quitted the ecclesiastical dress, which was no longer serviceable, and went to England, where people of my description are better paid. I told all I knew and much more than I knew, of the strength and weakness of the country which I had quitted; said that Frenchmen were the dregs of mankind, and that good sense was to be found in England alone. In short, I have acquired a handsome fortune, and am come to conclude a treaty with the Persian court, the object of which is to exterminate all Europeans who shall trade in silks and cottons to the prejudice of the English in any part of the Shah's territories. The object of your mission is very laudable, said our philosopher: but, Mr. Abbot, you are a knave, and I do not like knaves; and I have some interest at the Persian court. Tremble!--your happiness is at an end; you will soon meet with the fate that you deserve. My Lord Candid, cried Perigourdin, flinging himself on his knees, take pity upon me! I felt attracted by an irresistible impulse towards vice, as you feel necessitated to be virtuous.

This fatal inclination possessed me ever since my labours at the feuilles. What are these feuilles?* said Candid. They are, replied Perigourdin, books of seventy-two pages, in which the public is entertained with calumny, satire, and beastly language. Mr. Valsp, the author, is an honest man, who is able to read and write, and who, not finding it in his power to be a Jesuit as long as he wished, wrote this beautiful little work in order to get wherewith to give his wife fine lace, and to bring up his children in the fear of God. A few other honest men, for some halfpence and some half pints of sour wine, assist this honest man in carrying on his undertaking. This Mr. Valsp is member of a set of elegant, delightful beings, who amuse themselves by blaspheming God to a number of drunken people, or in devouring some poor devil's substance, and in breaking and destroying his furniture, and challenging him to fight a duel in some desert or other; little pieces of gentility which these gentlemen call mistifications, and which deserve the attention of the police. In short, this Mr. Valsp, who assures us that he has never been in the galleys, is plunged into a lethargy which renders him insensible to the plainest truths, and from which he cannot be drawn except by certain violent methods, which he supports with an inexpressible courage and resignation. I have worked under this celebrated author some time, and am become, in my turn, a famous writer. I had just quitted Mr. Valsp to begin my trade when I had the honour of paying you a visit at Paris. You are a sad rogue, Mr. Abbot, answered Candid; but your sincerity interests me in your favour. Go to court, ask for the Reverend Ed-Ivan-Baal Denk: I will write to him about you, upon condition that you promise me to become an honest man, and not to get some thousand human beings strangled for silk and cotton. Perigourdin promised all that Candid asked, and they separated tolerable good friends.

* Probably Voltaire here alludes to some publications resembling our monthly reviews, and which had offended him.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Candid's disgrace, travels, and adventures.*

As soon as Perigourdin arrived at court, he used all his address to insinuate himself into the good graces of the minister, and destroy his benefactor. He circulated a report that Candid had spoken disrespectfully of the sacred mustachio of the king of kings. All the courtiers condemned him to be burned over a slow fire; but the Shah, more merciful and indulgent, sentenced him to perpetual banishment, after having previously kissed the soles of his informer's feet, according to the Persian custom. Perigourdin departed to see this judgment put into execution. He found our philosopher in excellent good health, and disposed once again to be happy. My friend, said the English ambassador to him, it is with sorrow I inform you that you must leave this empire as quickly as possible, and kiss the soles of my feet in token of a true repentance of your enormous crime. Kiss the soles of your feet, Mr. Abbot! you are joking; I do not understand your jest. Some mutes who had followed Perigourdin entered, and stripped off his shoes and stockings. Candid was told that he must submit to this disgrace, or expect to be impaled alive. Candid, by virtue of his free choice of action, kissed the abbot's feet. They clothed him in a coarse linen robe, and the crier drove him out of the town, exclaiming aloud, he is a traitor! he has slandered the Shah's mustachio, the imperial mustachio of the king of kings he has dared to abuse! What was the officious monk about while they were using his favourite so disgracefully? I do not know: we may conclude that he was tired of protecting Candid. Who can reckon on the favour of kings? and, above all, upon that of the monks? Our hero walked on in a very sorrowful mood. I have never spoken, said he to himself, of the king of Persia's mustachio. In one instant I fall from the height of prosperity into an abyss of misfortune, because a wretch who

has violated every law accuses me of a pretended crime, of which I have never been guilty; and this wretched, this monstrous persecutor of virtue—he is happy. Candid, after walking a few days, found himself upon the frontiers of Turkey: he directed his steps towards the Propontic, with the intention of remaining there, and passing the remainder of his days in the cultivation of his garden. As he walked through a small town he saw a crowd of people collected together; he enquired the cause and effect. It is a very singular circumstance, said an old man; the rich Mehemet has for some time asked in marriage the Janisary Zamoud's daughter. He found that she was not a virgin; and acting from a very natural feeling, authorised by the laws, sent her back to her father's house, after having disfigured her face. Zamoud, enraged at this affront, in the first transports of a very natural indignation, cleaves open with a blow of his scimetar his daughter's disfigured countenance. His eldest son, who was passionately fond of his sister, and which is very natural, leaped on his father, furious with rage, and very naturally plunged a sharp-pointed dagger in his stomach; then, like a lion rendered more savage by the sight of blood, the angry Zamoud runs to Mehemet's house; he overturned some slaves who opposed his passage, and massacred Mehemet, his women, and two children in the cradle; which is all very natural in the violent situation in which he was placed. At last he has finished by stabbing himself with the same poniard, smoking with the blood of his father and of his enemies, which is still very natural. Oh, what horrors! exclaims Candid; what would you say now, Master Pangloss, if you found such barbarities as these in nature? Would you not confess that our nature is corrupted, that all is not——No, said the old man, for pre-established harmony——Oh, Heaven! am I not deceived? do I once again see Pangloss? said Candid. I am Pangloss, said the old man: I recollected you, but I wished to penetrate into your sentiments before I discovered myself: let us talk a little about contingent effects, and let us see if you have made any progress in the art of wisdom. Alas! said Can-

did, you choose your time badly; tell me, rather, what is become of Miss Cunegund, and where brother Giroflee, Pacquette, and the daughter of pope Urban the Tenth, are. I know nothing about them, said Pangloss; it is two years since I left our habitation to look for you. I have run over nearly all Turkey, and was going to the court of Persia, where I learned that you were living at a great rate; and I stopped among the honest people of this little town, merely to recover strength sufficient to enable me to continue my journey. What is it I see! said Candid, surprised; you have lost an arm, my dear doctor. That is nothing, said the one-eyed, one-armed doctor; nothing so common in this best of all worlds, as to see people with only one eye and one arm: this accident happened to me on a journey to Mecca; our caravan was attacked by a troop of Arabs; our escort wished to resist: the Arabs were the strongest, and massacred all without mercy. About five hundred people perished in this business, among whom there were a dozen women big with child. I had only my throat cut, and an arm chopped off. I did not die; and always find that all is for the best. But, my dear Candid, how did you come by a wooden leg? Then Candid spoke, and related his adventures. Our philosophers returned together into the Propontic, and gaily walked on, talking of physical, of moral evil, of liberty, predestination, the atoms, and pre-established harmony.

## CHAPTER X.

*Arrival of Candid and Pangloss in the Propontic; what they saw there, and their adventures.*

Oh, Candid! said Pangloss, why did you get tired of cultivating your garden? Why did we not content ourselves with eating our preserved citrons and our pistachio nuts? Why did you grow fatigued with your happiness? Because the occurrence of every event is necessary in this best of all possible worlds; it was requisite that you should be bastinadoed in the presence of the King of Persia, that

your leg should be cut off, and that you should become a governor to make Chusistan happy, and to draw down upon the heads of some villains the punishment which they deserve. Talking thus they arrived at their old habitation. The first objects which presented themselves to their eyes were Martin and Pacquette, dressed as slaves. How happens this metamorphosis? said Candid, after having tenderly embraced them. Alas! replied they, sobbing, we have no longer any habitation; another is occupied in cultivating your garden; he eats your preserved citrons and pistachio nuts, and treats us as negroes. Who is this other? said Candid. He is the General of the sea; the most inhuman of all human beings. The sultan, wishing to recompense his services without any expense to himself, has confiscated all your goods under the pretence that you had gone over to his enemies, and condemned us to slavery. Take my advice, Candid, said Martin; continue your journey. I have always told you that all is at the worst; that the sum of evil far exceeds the sum of good; set forwards, and I dare say that in a short time you will become a Manichean, if you are not one already. Pangloss wished to commence an argument in form: Candid interrupted him, to make enquiries respecting Cunegund, the old woman, brother Giroflee, and Cacambo. Cacambo, replied Martin, is here; he is actually employed at this instant in cleansing the common sewer: the old woman is dead of a blow given her in the belly by an eunuch: brother Giroflee has entered into the Janissaries: Miss Cunegund has recovered all her former beauty and attractions, and is in our patron's seraglio. What a link of misfortunes, exclaimed Candid: was it necessary that Miss Cunegund should recover her beauty to make me a cuckold? It matters but little, said Pangloss, whether Miss Cunegund is handsome or ugly; whether she is in your arms or in those of another; that has nothing to do with the general system: for my part, I wish him a numerous progeny. Philosophers care not by or with whom women have children, provided they only have them. Population——Alas! said Martin, philosophers should rather employ themselves in

making some few individuals happy, than in engaging them to multiply the number of wretched. While they were talking, they heard a great noise. The General of the sea was amusing himself by having a dozen slaves flogged. Pangloss and Candid, with tears in their eyes, walked on as fast as they could toward Constantinople, The suburbs of Pera were on fire: five or six hundred houses had already been consumed, and two or three thousand people had perished in the flames. What a dreadful calamity! exclaimed Candid. All's well, said Pangloss: these trifling accidents happen every year; it is very natural that wooden houses should take fire, and that houses which take fire should be burned: besides, this procures some resources for many honest people, who would languish in misery but for events of this kind.——What do I hear! exclaimed an officer of the Sublime Porte: you wretch! how do you dare to say that all is well, when half Constantinople is on fire? Go, dog! cursed by the prophet, and receive the punishment of thy audacity. Saying these words, he seized Pangloss by the middle of his body, and precipitated him into the flames. Candid, half dead with fright, extricated himself as well as he could, and retired to a neighbouring house, where things were more tranquil; and we shall see what became of him in the next.

## CHAPTER XI.

*Relating Candid's further adventures, and the capacity in which he travelled.*

No steps remain to be taken by me but either to turn Turk or slave. Happiness has for ever abandoned me: a turban would corrupt all my pleasures. I feel that it would be impossible for me to possess tranquility of mind if a member of a religion abounding with frauds and impostures. No; I shall never be content unless I continue an honest man: so I'll turn slave. As soon as he formed this resolution, he put it in execution. He chose for his master an Armenian merchant, a man of excellently good

character, and who passed for a virtuous man; at least as much so as an Armenian could be. The merchant was on the eve of setting out for Norway: he took Candid with him, hoping that a philosopher would be useful to him in commerce. They embarked, and the wind was so favorable, that they performed the voyage in half of the usual time: they were not even under the necessity of purchasing wind of Norwegian magicians, but were satisfied with giving them some entertainments, on condition that they should not disturb their voyage by their enchantments, which sometimes happens, if we can believe the dictionary of Moreri. As soon as he disembarked, the Armenian bought some whale oil, and directed our philosopher to run over the country, and purchase some dried fish for him. He performed his commission most famously. He was returning with several rein-deer loaded with this merchandise, and was making profound reflections upon the surprising difference between Norwegians and other people, when a little Norwegian woman, with a head rather larger than her body, red fiery eyes, a broad flat nose, a most noble large mouth, wished him good morning with infinite grace. My little lord, exclaimed this being about eighteen inches in height, I find you a delightful fellow! do me the favour to love me a little. So saying, the Norwegian leaps upon his neck. Candid repulses her with horror. She cries out. Her husband, accompanied by several other Norwegians, arrives. What is the matter? said they. This stranger, said the little being, alas! grief almost chokes me—he despises me!!!—I understand you, said the Norwegian husband. You dishonest, impolite, brutal, infamous, rascally knave, you dishonour my house! you have injured me in the most sensible point, by refusing to sleep with my wife! Here's another unaccountable creature! thought our hero. What would you have said if I had slept with her? I should have wished you prosperity and unalloyed felicity, replied the enraged husband; but you shall now receive my resentment. Saying this, he discharged a volley of blows with a stick on Candid's back. The relatives of the offended spouse seized the rein-deer,

and Candid, fearing worse consequences, was obliged to betake himself to flight, and to relinquish his good master for ever; for how could he approach him without money, whale-oil, or rein-deer?

## CHAPTER XII.

*Candid continues his travels. New adventures.*

Candid walked on a long time without knowing whither he was going: he resolved at last upon proceeding to Denmark, where he heard things went on very well. Being still possessed of some pieces of money given him by the Armenian, he was in expectation of arriving at his journey's end through this feeble supply. Hope still made his misery supportable, and he yet had some happy moments. He came one day to an inn, where three travellers addressed him upon the fullness of space and pervading matter in the most ardent manner. How lucky! exclaimed Candid; here are philosophers. Gentlemen, said he to them, fulness is incontestible, and the subtilty of matter is a very fine idea. You are then a Cartesian? said they. Yes, replied he; and, what is more, a Leibnitzian. So much the worse for you, said the philosophers: we are Newtonians, and we glory in being so. Descartes and Leibnitz had not common sense: if we argue, it is merely to strengthen our opinions; and we all agree in our ideas: we look for truth in the paths of Newton, for we are convinced that Newton was a great man. And Descartes and Leibnitz, and Pangloss too, are great men, worth a host of others, said Candid. My friend, replied the philosophers, you are an impertinent fellow: are you acquainted with the laws of refrangibility, attraction, and motion? Have you read the truths of Dr. Clarke, in answer to the vagaries of your Leibnitz? Do you know the meaning of centrifugal and centripetal force? Do you know that colours depend upon their thickness? Have you any idea of the theory of light and gravitation? Do you know of the period of 29,920 years, which unfortunately does not agree with chronology? No, without doubt, your notions of

these things are very erroneous: hold your tongue then, pitiful atom; and do not insult giants by comparing pigmies with them. Gentlemen, said he, if Pangloss was here, he would give you great information, for he was a very great philosopher; he has a sovereign contempt for your Newton; and, as I am his disciple, I do not think much of Newton myself. The philosophers in a rage fell upon Candid, and gave him a most philosophic beating. Their passion abated, they asked our hero's pardon for their vivacity. Then one of them commenced speaking, and made a most beautiful discourse upon mildness of temper and moderation.* As they were talking, a magnificent funeral passed by. Our philosophers seized this opportunity of discoursing upon the ridiculous vanity of mankind. Would it not be more reasonable, said one of them, for the relations and friends of the deceased to carry the coffin without pomp or noise? Would not this funereal operation, by offering to them the idea of death, produce the most useful, the most philosophical effect? Would not this idea, by presenting itself to their minds—The body which I am now carrying is my friend's, my father's—like him, I too must cease to exist—save this unfortunate globe from the perpetration of many crimes, and restore to the paths of virtue those beings who believe in the immortality of the soul? Men are so much inclined to banish the thoughts of death, that we cannot present them with too strong remembrances of it. From what does it arise, that a weeping wife and mother are banished from these spectacles? The piercing cries of despair, the plaintive accents of nature, would confer more honour on the ashes of the dead, than those fellows dressed in black from head to foot, with their useless tories, and that string of parsons gaily chaunting funeral sermons which they do not understand. That is a very good speech, said Candid; and if you would always talk equally well, without thinking of beating people, you would be a great philosopher. Our travellers separated with signs of confidence and esteem. Candid, directing

* Voltaire thinks with another author, that philosophy could never teach one to endure even the prick of a pin patiently.

his steps toward Denmark, penetrated into the recesses of a wood; and while his mind was employed in reflecting upon the various misfortunes which had happened to him in this best of all possible worlds, he wandered from the road, and lost his way. The day was beginning to decline when he first discovered his mistake; melancholy took possession of his mind; and, seated on the trunk of a tree, and casting his eyes towards Heaven, our hero spoke in these words. 'Half of this world have I run over; I have seen fraud and slander every where triumphant; for my constant endeavours to benefit mankind I have been persecuted. I am protected by a great monarch, who is pleased to honour me with fifty blows from a bull's pizzle. After experiencing misfortune and wretchedness, I arrive, with a wooden leg, in a most beautiful province; I protect an abbot who comes there, he insinuates himself at court through my means, and I am obliged to kiss his feet! Poor Pangloss I meet, and see him burned! I get into company with philosophers, the most gentle and inoffensive of all human creatures, and they beat me without any mercy. Every thing must be right, because Pangloss has said so; but yet I am the most miserable of all living creatures. Candid stopped talking, to listen to some piercing cries, apparently issuing from a neighbouring place. A young girl, tearing her hair with every sign of despair and wretchedness, burst at once upon his view. Whoever you are, said she, if you have any humanity, follow me. He accompanied her. They had scarcely walked a dozen paces, when Candid perceived a man and woman lying stretched along the ground: their countenances pourtrayed the nobility of their minds; their features, although disfigured by the pain which they felt, were so interesting, that Candid could not help enquiring the cause which had reduced them to so deplorable a condition, with the most lively anxiety. The objects before you are my father and mother, replied the young lady: yes, they are the authors of my unhappy existence, said she, throwing herself into their arms: they fled to avoid the rigour of an unjust sentence. I accompanied them in their

flight, happy in partaking their misfortunes, in thinking that my weak hands could procure subsistence for them in the deserts through which we were to pass. We stopped at this place to take some repose. I discovered this fatal tree, whose fruit deceived me. Alas! sir, I am a creature terror-struck with the universe and with myself; let your arm avenge offended virtue; punish the parricide; strike! This fruit—I have presented some to my father and mother; they eat it with pleasure: I was delighted at the idea of having discovered the means of quenching their thirst. Wretched creature that I am, it was death which I presented to them—it was poison! This recital made Candid tremble; his hair stood erect on his head, a cold sweat bedewed his body. He hastened as quickly as he could to help this unfortunate family, but the poison had already made too great a progress, and the most efficacious medicines could not have prevented the fatal effect. Dear child, our only prop! exclaimed the two unfortunates, forgive yourself, as we forgive you; the excess of your affection alone has deprived us of our life. Generous stranger, deign to take care of her; her heart is noble and trained to virtue; she is a sacred deposit, which we entrust into your hands, and which is infinitely more precious to us than our lost fortunes. Dear Zenoida, mingle your tears with ours; receive our last embraces. Ah! Heaven!! these moments have charms for us; you have opened the door of the frightful dungeon in which we have languished for forty years. Dear Zenoida, we bless you: may you never forget the prudent instructions which we have given you; and may your adherence to them preserve you from the abyss which we see yawning under your feet! They expired in pronouncing these words. Candid had great difficulty in restoring Zenoida to her senses: the moon had shone upon this affecting scene: the morning dawned, and Zenoida, plunged into a miserable affliction, had not then recovered the use of her senses. As soon as she opened her eyes, she begged Candid to dig up the earth and bury the dead bodies; she herself laboured with astonishing courage. Having fulfilled this duty, she gave

free course to her tears. Our philosopher led her far away from this fatal place. They walked on a long way without following any certain route; at last they fortunately saw a small cottage. Two people in the decline of life dwelt in this desert, and hastened to afford all the assistance in their power to their distressed brethren. These old people resembled the description of Philemon and Baucis; for fifty years they had tasted the sweets, without having ever experienced the bitters of marriage. A robust health, fruit of temperance and tranquility of mind, sweet and simple manners, an inexhaustible fund of candour; all the virtues which man may derive from himself, were the glorious boon which Heaven had granted them. They were venerated in the neighbouring hamlets, whose happy rustic inhabitants would have been esteemed honest people had they been catholics: they imagined it to be their duty to take care that Agaton and Suname (so were the old people named) should want nothing. Their charity extended to the new comers. Alas, my dear Pangloss! it is a great pity that you were burned: you were in the right. Yet all is not well in any of the parts of Europe and Asia which I have run over with you: all is well only in El Dorado, where no one can go, and in a little cabin situated in the coldest, driest, and most frightful spot in the world. How delighted should I now be in hearing you talk here of pre-established harmony and the atoms! I should much like to pass my days amongst these honest Lutherians, but then I could not go to mass, and I should be torn to pieces in the Christian Journal. Candid was very anxious to be acquainted with Zenoida's adventures; yet, through discretion, he never addressed her upon the subject. Perceiving his curiosity, she gratified it by speaking as follows.

## CHAPTER XIII.

*Zenoida's history. Candid's love for her, and its consequences.*

I spring from one of the most ancient families in Denmark. In that repast which the wicked Christiern prepared for so many senators, one of my ancestors perished. The accumulation of riches and dignities in the family have but rendered their possessors unfortunates of an illustrious rank. My father was bold enough to displease a powerful man by telling him the truth: informers were soon found who charged him with every possible crime. The judges were deceived. Oh! what judges can always see the snares spread by calumny for innocence? He was condemned to lose his head upon a scaffold. As flight alone could save him from punishment, he retreated to the house of a friend, a man whom he thought worthy of the name: we remained for some time secreted at a castle which he possessed, close to the sea, and should still have been there, had not the tyrant, taking advantage of our miserable condition, wished to sell his services at a price which made us detest him. The wretch had conceived an improper passion for my mother and myself. He attempted our virtue by means which were unworthy of an honest man; and to avoid the effects of his brutality, we were obliged to encounter the most frightful dangers. We fled a second time: you know the rest. In finishing this tale Zenoida wept afresh. Candid dried her tears, and said, to console her, Miss, all is for the best; for had not your father been poisoned, he would inevitably have been discovered; your mother would very probably have died of grief; and you would not have been here in this little cabin, where every thing is much more for the best than in the most beautiful castle in the world. Alas, sir! answered Zenoida, my father never told me that all was for the best; we belong to a God who loves us, but he has not wished to alienate from us devouring cares, cruel misfortunes, in-

numerable evils which afflict humanity. Poison grows in America by the side of the quinquina; the most fortunate man alive has shed tears: from a mixture of pleasure and pain arises what we call life, that is to say, a lapse of determinate time, always too long in the eyes of the wise man, which he ought to employ in doing good to the society of which he is a member; in enjoying the works of the Almighty without foolishly enquiring into their causes; in regulating his conduct by his conscience, and above all, in respecting his religion; too happy when he can follow it. This is what my respectable father often told me. Confusion, added he, to those rash writers who seek to penetrate into the Almighty's secrets. Upon this principle, that God wishes to receive homage from millions of beings to whom he has given being, men have added ridiculous chimeras to respectable truths. The dervise among the Turks, the bramin in Persia, the bonze in China, and the talapoin in India, pay each of them a different adoration to the Supreme Being; but they experience an internal satisfaction among the darkness in which they are plunged. He who would wish to dissipate it, would do them no service: who snatches men from their prejudices, is not their friend. You talk like a philosopher, said Candid; may I ask, my pretty young lady, of what religion you are? I have been brought up in Lutherianism, replied Zenoida, that is the religion of my country. All that you have just said is a ray of light which has penetrated my soul, said Candid; I feel for you a fund of admiration and esteem; how can so much wit be lodged in such a beautiful body? Indeed, miss, I esteem you, I admire you so, that——Candid stammered out a few other words. Zenoida observed his confusion, and left him; after that she avoided being alone with him. Candid endeavoured to be with her alone, or quite alone by himself. He fell into a profound melancholy, which had charms to his mind. He grew distractedly fond of Zenoida, and wished to hide it: his looks betrayed the secret of his breast. Alas! said he, if Master Pangloss was here, he would give me good advice, for he was a great philosopher.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### *Continuation of Candid's love.*

The only consolation which Candid had, was in speaking to his mistress in the presence of his host. How is it, said he to her one day, that the king of Denmark permitted the injustice which was done to your house? you must hate him. Oh! said Zenoida, who can hate their king? Who can help loving him in whose hands is deposited the shining sword of justice? Kings are the living images of the divinity; we ought never to condemn their conduct; obedience and respect are the proper duty of subjects. I admire you more and more, answered Candid. Do you know, miss, the great Leibnitz, and Master Pangloss, who was burned after his escape from hanging? Are you acquainted with subtile matter and whirlwinds? No, sir, replied Zenoida, my father never mentioned these things, he only gave me a slight tincture of experimental physic; he taught me to despise every kind of philosophy which did not tend to the good of man, which might give him false notions of his duty to others, or of their duty to him; which did not teach him to regulate his manners; which merely filled his mind with barbarous words and rash conjectures; which would not give him a clearer idea of the author of mankind than his works, and the wonders daily operating under his eyes, would furnish him with. Once again I admire you, miss: you enchant, you ravish me! you are an angel from heaven, sent to enlighten me after the sophisms of Doctor Pangloss. Stupid animal that I was, after receiving a prodigious number of kicks on the backside; of blows from rods upon my shoulders; of blows from a bull's pizzle on my feet; after having experienced an earthquake; having assisted at the hanging of Doctor Pangloss, and seeing him burned but lately; after having been robbed by order of the divan, and beaten by philosophers, I still thought that all went on well. I was deceived; yet nature never seemed so beautiful to me as it does now. The rural concerts of the

birds strike my ear with a harmony which I never before experienced; every thing is animated, and the bloom of sentiment, which enchants me, appears impressed upon every object. I do not feel towards you that soft languor which possessed me in the gardens of Sus; what you inspire is very different. Stop there! said Zenoida; you may offend my delicacy, and you ought to respect it. I will say no more, said Candid; but my passion will not be the less ardent for my silence. In pronouncing these words he looked at Zenoida: he perceived that she blushed; and, as a man of experience, conceived from that alone the most flattering expectations. The young Dane for some time longer avoided Candid's pursuit. One day as he was walking fast in the garden of his hosts, in an amorous transport he cried out, Why have I no sheep of the good country of El Dorado? why am I not in a condition to purchase a small kingdom? Ah, if I was a king! what should I be to you? said a voice which thrilled to our philosopher's heart. It is you, divine Zenoida! said he, falling on his knees; the few words which you have spoken seem to assure me of the happiness to which I aspire; I shall never be a king, and probably never rich; but if you love me——do not turn those enchanting eyes from me; let me read in them a confession which alone can heighten my delight. Beautiful Zenoida, I adore you! Let your soul be opened to pity! What do I see! you shed tears! Ah, I am too happy! Yes, you are happy, replied Zenoida; nothing obliges me to disguise my sensibility in favour of an object which I think deserving of it. Until now you have been attached to my lot merely by the ties of humanity, it is time to strengthen those by more sacred ones: I have reflected; do you in turn seriously reflect that in marrying me you contract an obligation to support me; to soften and partake those miseries which fate may yet have in store for me. Marry you!!! said Candid, those words enlighten me, and shew the imprudence of my conduct. Alas, dear idol of my life! I do not deserve your kindness; Miss Cunegund is not dead. Who is Miss Cunegund? She is my wife, replied our he-

ro, with his ordinary ingenuousness. Our lovers remained some time without speaking; they wished to speak, but their words expired upon their lips; their eyes were bedimmed with tears. Candid held Zenoida's hands between his, and, pressing them against his heart, he devoured them with kisses: he had even the boldness to place his hand on her bosom: he saw that she could scarcely breathe; his soul flew to his lips, and his lips, fixed to those of Zenoida, restored the beautiful Dane to her recollection. Candid imagined that he read his pardon in her eyes. Dear lover! said she to him, my indignation could scarcely check the transport which my soul authorizes. Yet stop, you will ruin me in the opinion of mankind; and should I become an object of their contempt, you will have very little regard for me: stop, and respect my weakness. How! exclaimed Candid; because vulgar custom says that a girl dishonours herself in making a being with whom she is pleased happy, in following the inclinations of nature, which, in all the happiest periods of the world—We will not relate the whole of this conversation; we will content ourselves with saying, that Candid's eloquence, embellished with expressions of love, had the effect which all would suppose on a young and sensible philosopher. Time, to these lovers, whose days before revolved in sadness, now flowed on in continual delight; the delicious stream of pleasure circulated in their veins; the silence of the forest, the mountains covered with briars and capped with precipices, the frozen plains, and fields full of terror with which they were surrounded, persuaded them more and more of the necessity for loving each other. They had resolved never to leave this frightful solitude, but destiny was not tired of persecuting them, as we shall see in the next chapter.

## CHAPTER XV.

*Volhall's arrival. Journey to Copenhagen.*

Candid and Zenoida entertained themselves with the works of the Divinity; with the worship which mankind

ought to offer up to him; with the duties which bound them one to the other; and above all with charity, of all virtues by far the most useful. They did not confine themselves to frivolous declamations. Candid taught the boys to respect the sacred curb of the laws: Zenoida instructed young girls in their duty towards their parents: they united to plant in their young hearts the fruitful seeds of religion. One day while their were performing these pious occupations, Sunname came to inform Zenoida that an old nobleman, accompanied by a great many servants, had just arrived, and by a portrait which he had brought of the lady whom he was pursuing, she had no doubt but Zenoida was his object. This nobleman followed close at Sunname's heels, and entered almost at the same instant with her into the place where Zenoida and Candid were. Zenoida fainted at the sight; but Volhall, very little afflicted at this touching spectacle, seized hold of her hand, and dragged her to him so violently that she came to her senses; and that was only to shed a torrent of tears. Niece, said he to her with a bitter smile, I find you in good company: I do not wonder that you should prefer it to your house, to the capitol, and to your family. Yes, sir, replied Zenoida, I prefer the places were honesty and simplicity dwell, to the abode of treason and imposture: with horror I remember the place where my misfortunes began, where I received so many proofs of the blackness of your character, where I had no relations but you. Miss, replied Volhall, you will be obliging enough to follow me; should you faint a second time——So saying, he carried her off and placed her in a chaise which was waiting. She had only time to tell Candid to follow her; and she set out, blessing her hosts, and promising to reward them for their generous attentions. One of Volhall's domestics pitied the grief in which he saw Candid plunged; he thought that he took no other interest in the young Dane than that which persecuted virtue inspires. He proposed to him a journey to Copenhagen, and facilitated the means of his accomplishing it. He did more; he insinuated that he might get admitted among the servants of Volhall, if he

had no other resources. Candid followed his advice, and, as soon as he arrived, his future comrade represented him as one of his relations, for whom he would be answerable. Scoundrel! said Volhall to him, I am inclined to grant you the honour of approaching such a man as I am: never forget the profound respect which is due to me: anticipate my wishes, if you have sufficient instinct for that: remember that such a man as I am debases himself in talking to a reptile like you. Our philosopher replied very humbly to this impertinent speech, and on that very day was clothed in his master's livery. We may easily imagine how surprised and delighted Zenoida felt in recognizing her lover among her uncle's servants. She invented opportunities; he knew how to profit by them. They swore eternal constancy to each other. Zenoida had some inconsistent times; she sometimes reproached herself for her affection for Candid; her whims sometimes afflicted him. Candid idolized her: he knew perfection is not the lot of man, nor of woman either. Zenoida's good humour returned in his arms: the kind of constraint in which they were, made their pleasures still more delightful. They were still happy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

*Relating how Candid found his wife and lost his mistress.*

Our hero had only to experience the haughtiness of his master, and that was not too dear a price to pay for the favours of his mistress: satisfied affection is not so easily disguised as people say. Our lovers betrayed themselves; their connection was no secret, except to the indolent Volhall: all the servants knew it. Candid received congratulations which made him tremble; he expected that the storm would break over his head, and thought that a person who had once been dear to him would hasten his misfortunes. He had for some days seen a countenance somewhat resembling Miss Cunegund's: he again met

with this object in Volhall's court yard. The object which carried it was very badly dressed; and it was not likely that a favourite of a great Mahometan should be found in a court-yard of an hotel at Copenhagen: yet this disagreeable object looked at Candid very attentively; this object approached him all at once; and seizing him by his hair, gave him the hardest slap on the face which he had ever felt. I am not mistaken, cried our philosopher. Oh, Heaven! who would have credited it? What business have you here, and after suffering yourself to be violated by a disciple of Mahomet? Go, perfidious wife, I know you not! You shall know me by my rage, answered Cunegund. I am acquainted with the life you lead; your love for your master's niece, your contempt for me. Alas! three months ago I left the seraglio because I was no longer good for any thing: a merchant buys me to wash his linen: he takes me with him in his voyage to this coast. Martin, Cacambo, and Pacquette, whom he has brought, are of the party. Doctor Pangloss, by the greatest chance in the world, happens to be in the same ship as a passenger. We are shipwrecked some leagues from hence: I escape with the faithful Cacambo, whose skin is, I am sure, as firm as yours. I see you again, and I find you unfaithful: tremble, and fear every thing from an irritated woman. Candid was completely stupified at this touching scene: he left Cunegund without thinking about the management necessary with respect to those who were acquainted with his secret, when Cacambo appeared. They embraced tenderly; Candid informed himself of the truth of the news which he had just learned from Cunegund: he lamented much the loss of the great Pangloss, who, after having been hanged and burned, was miserably drowned. They spoke with the effusion of heart which friendship inspires. A small note thrown by Zenoida out of her window, put an end to the conversation. Candid opened it, and found in it these words:——"Fly, my dear lover, all is discovered: an innocent affection authorised by nature, and which does not injure society, is a crime in the eyes of these cruel and credulous men. Volhall, after having treated me with

every indignity, has just left my chamber; he is going to obtain an order to have you imprisoned for life in a dungeon. My too dear lover, fly! place in security those days which you can no longer spend near me: those happy times are no more when our reciprocal tenderness——Ah, sad Zenoida! what have you done to Heaven to merit so cruel a lot?—My thoughts wander—always remember your dear Zenoida! Dear lover, in my heart you will eternally live!—No; you can never tell how well I loved you: may you receive upon my burning lips my last adieu, my last sigh! I feel ready to rejoin my unfortunate father: the light of day is to me the most horrid; it only enlightens crimes."——Cacambo, always prudent and sensible, led Candid away, who no longer was aware of any thing that was going forwards. They went out of the city by the shortest road. Candid never opened his mouth; and they had already got a great way from Copenhagen before he recovered from the lethargy into which he had been thrown by the late events; then he looked at his faithful Cacambo, and spoke as follows.

## CHAPTER XVII.

*How Candid wished to kill himself, yet altered his mind; his adventures in an ale-house.*

Dear Cacambo! once my servant, now my equal, and always my friend, you have been a partaker of some of my misfortunes; you have assisted me with salutary advice; you have seen my love for Miss Cunegund——Alas! my old master! said Cacambo, it is she who has played you this dirty trick; it is she, who having learned from your comrade that your affection for Zenoida equalled hers for you, told every thing to the barbarous Volhall. If that is the case, said our philosopher, I have only to die. So saying, he drew from his pocket a small knife, and prepared for bleeding himself with a coolness worthy of an Englishman or an old Roman. What are you about? said Ca-

cambo to his master. To cut my throat, said Candid. That is an excellent thought, replied Cacambo; but the wise man acts only after serious reflection: unless your opinion alters, you will always feel the same inclination to kill yourself. Trust me, my dear master; defer your design until to-morrow; the longer you delay, the more courageous will be the action. I like your reasoning, said Candid; besides, if I kill myself immediately, the Gazette of Trevoux would insult my memory: I am determined not to kill myself for two or three days. So saying they arrived at Elsineur, a very considerable town, and only a short distance from Copenhagen: they slept there, and Cacambo praised the effect which rest had produced by sleep in Candid's mind. At break of day they left the town: Candid, always a philosopher (for the prejudices of infancy are never effaced), entertained his friend Cacambo with physical and moral evil; the speeches of the wise Zenoida, and the luminous truths which she had uttered in conversation. If Pangloss was not dead, I would combat his system in a victorious style! God keep me from turning Manichean! my mistress has brought me to respect the impenetrable veil with which the Deity envelopes his manner of operating upon us: man has precipitated himself into the dreadful abyss wherein he groans: from a fruit-eater he has become a flesh eater. The savages whom we saw only eat Jesuits, and do not live in a bad state towards each other: the savages scattered among the woods, and living only on fruits and herbs, are still happier. Society has given birth to great crimes; some of its members are obliged by their condition in life to hope for the death of others: the wreck of a vessel, the burning of a house, the loss of a battle, sadden one part of society and rejoice the other. All is very bad, my dear Cacambo; and the wise man has nothing else to do but to cut his throat as quickly as possible. You are in the right, said Cacambo; but I see an ale house; you must be very thirsty, my old master! come, let us drink a cup or two, and afterwards continue our philosophical discourse. They entered into the ale-house; a troop of peasants and pea-

saint girls were dancing on a green before the house; it was a spectacle worthy of Vateau's pencil. As soon as Candid entered, a young girl took hold of his hand, and begged him to dance. My pretty girl, said Candid to her, when a man has lost his mistress, found his wife, and knows of the death of the great Pangloss, he is not anxious to cut capers: besides, I shall kill myself to-morrow morning; and you must be convinced that a man who has only a few hours to live, ought not to lose any of them in dancing. Then Cacambo approached Candid and said; Glory was always the passion of the greatest philosophers: Cato of Utica killed himself after a sound sleep; Socrates drank off poison after having talked familiarly with his friends; many Englishmen have blown out their brains after a good supper; but I know not one great philosopher who has killed himself after dancing: that glory is reserved for you, my dear master: let us dance with all our might, and we will kill ourselves to-morrow morning. Have you not remarked, said Candid, that this young peasant is a very pretty brunette? Her countenance is certainly interesting, answered Cacambo. She has got fast hold of my hand, said Candid. Have you taken notice, said Cacambo, that in the heat of the dance she has uncovered two most beautiful little breasts? I have noticed them, said Candid. Hold! was not my mind occupied in dwelling upon the graces of the beautiful Zenoida? The little brunette interrupted him to ask him afresh. Our hero sufferered himself to be persuaded, and danced with the best grace in the world. After having danced and embraced the pretty peasant, he returned to his seat without asking the queen of the ball to dance: a murmur of discontent immediately ran through the assembly; all the dancers and spectators seemed outrageous at such a marked piece of contempt. Candid did not know his fault, and consequently could not repair it. A great clown approaches him, and with his fist strikes him in the face. Cacambo gives this huge clown a kick in his belly. In one instant all is confusion; the musical instruments broken, and the ladies' head-dresses torn off. Candid and Cacambo fight like heroes; but are at

last obliged to hobble away half dead with blows. Every thing is poisoned for me, said Candid, giving his friend Cacambo his arm: I have experienced a great many misfortunes, but I never expected to be basted with cudgels and fists for dancing with a pretty young peasant girl who had asked me to dance with her.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

*Candid and Cacambo retire into a hospital; the remarks which they make there.*

Cacambo and his master could bear up no longer against calamity; they began to give themselves up to that kind of illness which deadens every feeling. They were falling into melancholy and despair, when they perceived a hospital built for the reception of travellers. Cacambo proposed entering there. Candid followed his advice. They had all the care taken of them which is usually taken of people in those institutions: they were treated for the love of God, and that is all we can say. In a short time they were cured of their wounds, but they got the itch. It did not seem likely that this illness would be very rapidly cured, and this idea filled our philosopher's eyes with tears; and scratching himself he said, You would not suffer me to cut my throat, my dear Cacambo! your bad advice has plunged me into disgrace and misery: and if I cut my throat to-day, they will say, in the Gazette of Trevoux, that fellow was a coward who killed himself because he had got the itch. See to what you have exposed me by the unfortunate interest which you have taken in my affairs! Our misfortunes are not irremediable, said Cacambo: if you think me worthy of belief, I assure you we can fix here as brothers. I promise to soften our melancholy condition, and to make it supportable. Ah! said Candid, perish all asses! but above all, surgical asses, so dangerous to human nature! I will never suffer you to represent yourself as what you are not; that is an imposture, of which the con-

sequences might be dreadful: besides, if you could understand how hard it is after having been viceroy of a delightful province, rich enough to purchase several very beautiful kingdoms; the favoured lover of Miss Zenoida; to resolve to serve as brother in an hospital——I understand that, said Cacambo; but I understand, likewise, that it is very hard to die of hunger. Remember, besides, that the plan which I offer is, perhaps, the only one by which you can hope to escape from the search of the cruel Volhall, and avoid the punishment which he has prepared for you. A brother passed by while they were talking: they asked him several questions; he answered them very satisfactorily. He assured them that the brothers were well fed, and enjoyed a good deal of liberty. Candid determined what to do; he and Cacambo took the dress of the brothers, which they immediately granted them; and our two unfortunates began to wait on other unfortunates. One day, as Candid was distributing some bad soup, an old man fixed his attention; his countenance was livid, his lips covered with scum and froth; his eyes were half turned round in their sockets; the hand of death was on his thin and hollow jaws. Poor man, how I pity you! said Candid; you must be in dreadful pain? I suffer a good deal, replied he, in a sepulchral voice; they say that I am phthisicy, consumptive, asthmatically affected, and poxed even to the bone: nevertheless, all does not go on amiss, and that reflection comforts me. Ah! said Candid, there is no one but the Doctor Pangloss who in so deplorable a state would sustain the doctrine of optimism, when every other would only think of pess——Do not pronounce that detestable word! cried the poor man: I am the Pangloss you have just mentioned. Wretch! let me die in peace! all is well, all is at the best! The effort which he made in pronouncing these words cost him his last tooth, which he spit up with a prodigious quantity of matter, and expired a few moments afterwards. Candid wept, for his heart was good, his infatuation was a source of reflection for our philosopher, who often thought of his adventures. Cunegund

had remained at Copenhagen: he learned that she exercised the trade of mending old clothes there, with all possible distinction. The love of travelling abandoned him all at once. The faithful Cacambo comforted him by his advice and by his friendship. Candid did not murmur against Providence. I know that happiness is not the lot of man, he would say sometimes: happiness only is to be found in the good country of El Dorado, but it is impossible to go there.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### *New Adventures.*

CANDID was not very miserable, because he had a real friend; he had found in an American valet what we vainly look for in Europe. Perhaps, as nature suffers simples good for the corporeal illnesses of us Europeans to grow in America, she has likewise placed there remedies for the grievances of our mind and souls. Perhaps there are some people in the other world who are formed otherwise than we are, who are not the slaves of a filthy self-interest; who are worthy of offering up frankincense at the altar of friendship. How much is it to be wished, that instead of bales of indigo and cochineal covered with blood, we were to import some men of such a stamp; that species of commerce would be more advantageous to humanity. Cacambo was of greater value to Candid than twelve sheep loaded with El Dorado flints. Our philosopher once again tasted the pleasures of existence. It was a consolation to him to grow old in endeavouring to preserve the human race, and in being an useful member of society. God blessed such pure intentions, by granting him and Cacambo the blessings of health. They had no longer the itch; and the painful duties of their station were performed with cheerfulness. Cunegund, who had taken it into her head to torment her spouse, left Copenhagen to trace him. Accident led her to the hospital: she was accompanied by a man whom Candid recognized as the baron of Thunder-ten-

Tronkch! we may easily conceive what their mutual surprise must have been. The baron spoke first. I did not row long in the Turkish galleys. The Jesuits learned my misfortunes, and redeemed me for the honour of their society. I have been into Germany, and received some advantage from my father's executors. I spared no means of discovering my sister, and learning at Constantinople that she was shipwrecked on the coast of Denmark. I disguised myself, took letters of recommendation to the Danish merchants connected with our society, and, at last, I have found my sister, who still loves you, although so far inferior to her in rank; and, since you have had the imprudence to sleep with her, I consent to the ratification of the marriage, or rather to a fresh celebration of it, on agreement that my sister only gives you her left hand, which is very reasonable, since she has seventy-one quarterings, and you have not one. Alas! said Candid, all the quarterings in the world without beauty——Miss Cunegund was very ugly when I had the imprudence to marry her. She became pretty; another enjoyed her charms; she is now ugly again, and you wish me to marry her. No, indeed, reverend father; send her back again to the seraglio at Constantinople: she has already done me too much mischief in this country. Hold your tongue, ungrateful wretch! said Cunegund, (making most frightful contortions with her body), do not oblige the baron, who is a priest, to kill us us both, that he may efface his shame with our blood. Do you imagine that I intentionally failed in the fidelity due to you! What would you have had me do when face to face to a master who thought me pretty? Neither my cries nor my tears softened his brutality. Seeing that nothing was to be gained, I placed myself in a convenient posture, that I might be ravished with as little difficulty as possible; any other person in my situation would have acted in the same manner; this is my principal crime, which does not deserve your indignation. My other offence in your eyes is having separated you from your mistress; but that ought to prove my regard for you. Ah! if I once again become handsome; if my breasts, now actually hanging down,

should recover their elastic firmness; if——all this should be for you alone, my dear Candid; we are no longer in Turkey; and I swear that I will never suffer myself to be ravished again. This speech did not make much impression on Candid; he requested some hours to resolve upon the best course to take. The baron granted him two hours, during which he consulted his friend Cacambo.—After having reasoned *pro* and *con*, they resolved to follow the Jesuit and his sister into Germany. Fancy them now leaving the hospital, travelling in company, not on foot, but on horses which the Jesuit baron had brought with him. They arrive at the frontiers of the kingdom: a stout man, with a very forbidding countenance, looks very attentively at our hero. It is he, said the man, casting his eyes at the same time upon a piece of paper. Sir, without being too inquisitive, may I ask if your name is Candid? Yes, sir; I have always been called so, sir. I flattered myself that was your name; indeed, your eyebrows are black; your eyes the colour of your hair; your ears of a middling size; your face round and fresh-coloured; you must be about five feet five inches in height. Yes, sir, that is my height, said Candid; but what are my height and name to you? Sir, we cannot be too particular in matters of this kind.—Permit me to ask you one small question more: Have you ever been in the service of my Lord Volhall? Sir, said Candid, quite alarmed, I do not really understand——I understand perfectly well that you are the man described to me; just take the trouble to enter the guard-room.—Soldiers, prepare the dungeon, and call a smith to make for the gentleman a small chain of about thirty or forty pounds weight. Mr. Candid, that horse of yours is a fine animal; I want one of a similar colour; you will oblige me with it. The baron did not dare to claim the horse. Cunegund wept for a quarter of an hour. The Jesuit showed no concern at this catastrophe. I should have been obliged to have killed him, or to have made him marry you; and this event is the most favourable to the honour of our house, said he to his sister. Cunegund set out with the baron; the faithful Cacambo alone would not quit his friend and master.

## CHAPTER XX.

*Cunegund and Candid's misfortunes: how he found his Mistress, and what happened to him after their interview.*

Oh, Pangloss! said Candid, how much is it to be regretted that you met with so very miserable an end! you have witnessed only a part of my misfortunes, and I hoped to have made you abandon that rash opinion which you maintained until death. Few men have experienced greater misfortunes than I have; but there is not one alive who (as the daughter of Pope Urban the Tenth energetically said,) has not cursed his existence. What will become of me, my dear Cacambo? I do not know; however, *I* never will abandon you, replied his faithful friend. Alas, a wife is not worth a faithful valet, said Candid. These two unfortunate beings held this conversation in a dungeon.—They were liberated to be conducted to Copenhagen, where our philosopher expected his fate. He thought it would be terrible; our readers think so too: but Candid was mistaken, and so are our readers. At Copenhagen happiness awaited him: he had just got there when he learned the death of Volhall, that haughty barbarian, regretted by none; and every one interested himself for Candid. His irons were knocked off, and liberty was the more flattering to him, as it procured him the means of finding Zenoida; he ran to her house; they were a long time without speaking, but their silence said enough. They wept, embraced; they wished to speak, and wept again. Cacambo enjoyed this spectacle, so pleasing to a feeling mind: he partook of his friend's joy, and was nearly in the same state as Candid. Dear Cacambo! amiable Zenoida! exclaimed the enraptured Candid; you efface the deep impression of my misfortunes: love and friendship form for me serene days, delicious moments. By how many trials have I not arrived at this unexpected happiness! every misfortune is forgotten. Dear Zenoida, I see you, you love me! all is at the best for me! Every thing in nature is right. Volhall's death had left Zenoida mistress of her actions. The court granted

her a pension from the confiscated property of her father; she divided it with Candid and Cacambo. She gave them apartments in the house, and spread a report that she had received essential benefits from the two strangers, which obliged her to procure them the comforts of life, and repair the unkindness of fortune. Some penetrated the motives of her kindness; that was easy enough, as her connexion with Candid had made such a great disturbance. The greater number of people blamed her; and her conduct was approved of only by a few citizens who were capable of reflection. Zenoida, who had a wonderful esteem for the opinion of fools, was not sorry that she did not possess it.—The death of Miss Cunegund, the news of which the correspondents of the Danish merchants spread at Copenhagen, procured for Zenoida means to reconcile people's minds. She had a table of genealogy made for Candid. The author was a clever fellow, and made him spring from one of the most ancient families in Europe. He even pretended that his real name was Canute, which was the name of one of the kings of Denmark: and which was very likely; for the difference between Candid and Canute is very trifling. Candid, through this alteration in his name, became a powerful nobleman: he publicly married Zenoida, and they lived together as comfortably as it is possible to live. Cacambo was their common friend, and Candid often said, All does not go on so well as in El Dorado, but all does not go on badly.

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# REMARKS

ON

# VOLTAIRE'S CANDID.

While, in perusing a philosophical treatise, we are delighted in proportion to the strength of judgment or profoundness of learning exhibited by the author; or while dwelling on the pages of an historical production, fidelity, accuracy, and impartiality of account, chiefly excite our approbation; this proposition appears self-evident, that poetical tales, or flights of fancy, are admired merely for fertility of invention, boldness of design, vivid colouring, and consistency of character. A story unfounded on facts, related without these requisites, would resemble an half-finished painting; but one embellished with them may be compared to any of Claude Lorraine's most beautiful landscapes, where the harmony of the groupes of the figures, the gracefulness of the scenery, and the Grecian architecture of the buildings, excite universal admiration. If, then, this proposition is allowed, and it is admitted that tales originating from warmth of imagination are to be esteemed not only for, but solely in proportion to the fertility of invention, boldness of design, vivid colouring, and consistency of character, exhibited by the author, every one will readily allow that Voltaire's tale of Candid is possessed of all these advantages. The extraordinary number of adventures will be observed by every one; and in this particular Le Sage's Gil Blas De Santillane is scarcely superior. The attempt to controvert an established maxim, one founded upon the conviction of the benevolence and wisdom of an all-merci-

ful Providence, whatever may be our opinion of its morality or propriety, was indisputably a bold design. For vividness of colouring, the reader will discover innumerable passages beautifully and highly finished; and although our disgust may be occasionally, indeed often, excited by the indelicacy of the painting, we cannot refuse a tribute of applause to the grace, ease, and luxurious softness, of the painter.

Perhaps in the last point of excellence, which is, indeed, a very material characteristic of a good writer, Voltaire has never been excelled; I mean in preserving in each of his personages an uniformity and consistency of character. Candid, the hero, possessed, we are informed in the first chapter, of a good understanding; but helpless, simple, artless, and unsuspecting: helpless, through an education which instructed him to pay implicit obedience to the commands of others; simple, because never taught to reflect for himself; artless and unsuspecting, from ignorance of the real craft of mankind, is at the close of the work the same character as in the very first chapter. Doctor Pangloss, vain of a little superficial acquaintance with a few rules of philosophy, constantly desirous of impressing his auditors with ideas of his importance, utters, with his last breath, the same dogma which through life he had maintained, and which had frequently served as a consolation in times of adversity and distress. The German family is described faithfully and with humour. The young Jesuit is as proud of his family and his armorial bearings when he, in company with his sister, takes leave of Candid, as when he is residing at his father's castle, or when he is a colonel and priest among the Paraguay nation. The inferior personages are as well described and sustained as the others.

M. De Voltaire has occasionally indulged in some witticisms which irradiate his pages, and are certainly here better applied than in the relation of dry historical facts.

It may be urged, that his ridicule of Milton, Homer, Horace, Virgil, and Cicero, is highly incorrect; that, instead of abusing these immortal names, he should, in com-

mon with other literary characters, have reverenced their works, as stupendous monuments of human talent and genius: but let those who have been accustomed to reflect for themselves coolly examine his complaints against those superior and wonderful writers, and they will discover that whatever malevolence and envy there may be in omiting a description of their beauties, that there is truth and ingenuity in the statement of their defects.

It is somewhat remarkable that M. De Voltaire should, subsequently to his writing Candid, alter his opinion of Ariosto. At an advanced period of his life, he extolled him as much as he has here debased him, by speaking of his poetry as the querulous tales of an old nurse, fit to lull people to sleep.—See Hoole's Preface to the translation of Orlando Furioso.

The description of the court at El Dorado is beautiful, and, at the same time, a very severe sarcasm on the present depravity of European courts and courtiers.

The greatest objection to this work, is the frequent repetition of indelicate remarks and indecent scenes; but, although we cannot entirely excuse such failings, let us remember that the object of an author of a work of this nature is to entertain and amuse; that few writers have been more successful than Voltaire; and that his indecencies, perhaps, reflect greater discredit upon the national taste of the French than on himself.

The duty of a translator is to transpose the meaning of the original into another language *with the greatest fidelity*: the translator has endeavoured to effect this; and has neither lessened Voltaire's defects, nor made them appear more glaring by the insertion of frequent apologies. How well he has effected his intended purpose, his friends and the public are to judge.

THE END.

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